

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1069.—26 November, 1864.

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BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

AT MORNING.

Brich an, Du Schones Tageslicht.

BREAK forth, thou beauteous light of day!
 Appear in all thy purple splendor!
 To Him, the fount of every ray,
 My tribute I will with thee render.
 Yea, Lord! Lift all my soul and sense,
 To praise thy bright beneficence.

Thou hast, with loving hand to guide,
 Protected me in need and sorrows;
 All danger softly turned aside,
 And borne me through to many morrows.
 For guardian care through this night's shade,
 Be humble thanks devoutly paid.

Now light in me the flame anew,—
 The life awaking—spirit-firing;
 That I the right path may pursue
 To highest life and truth aspiring;
 Not halting in myself alone,
 But—Christ within me—on and on.

Grant, thou who all things in us dost,
 Awakened faith's serene enjoyment;
 That through the steady power of Trust,
 I may fulfil thy high enjoyment;
 Then shall my love-unkindled heart
 Share weal or woe, my neighbor's part.

I aim, O Lord! at no high state,
 Adopt me; that alone can raise me.
 And wealth I cannot richly rate:
 'Tis Christ alone supplies and stays me.
 But dwell thy Spirit in my breast,
 And I can well forego the rest.

My Father? I myself resign
 This day anew to thy good pleasure.
 Oh! graciously my heart incline
 My steps in thy true fear to measure,
 Let all my works in thee proceed;
 Thy name be hallowed in my deed,
 —*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

MY SOLDIER.

Upon a hard-won battle-field,
 Whose recent blood-stains shook the skies,
 By hasty burial half concealed,
 With death in his dear eyes,
 My soldier lies.

Oh, thought more sharp than bayonet-thrust—
 Of blood-drops on his silken hair,
 Of his white forehead in the dust,
 Of his last gasping prayer,
 And I not there!

I know, while his warm life escaped,
 And his blue eyes closed shudderingly,
 His heart's last fluttering pulses shaped
 One yearning wish for me—
 Oh, agony!

For I, in cruel ignorance,
 While yet his last sigh pained the air,—
 I trifled,—sung or laughed, perchance,
 With roses in my hair,
 All unaware.

In dreams I see him fall again,
 When cannons roar and guidons wave—
 Then wake to hear the lonesome rain,
 Weeping the fallen brave,
 Drip on his grave.

Since treason sought our country's heart,
 Ah, fairer body never yet
 From nobler soul was torn apart;
 No braver blood has wet
 Her coronet.

No spirit more intense and fine
 Strives where her starry banners wave;
 No gentler face, beloved, than thine
 Sleeps in a soldier's grave—
 No heart more brave.

And though his mound I may not trace,
 Or weep above his buried head,
 The grateful spring shall find the place,
 And with her blossoms spread
 His quiet bed.

The soul I loved is still alive,
 The name I loved is Freedom's boast;
 I clasp these helpful truths, and strive
 To feel, though great the cost,
 Nothing is lost;

Since all of him that erst was dear
 Is safe, his life was nobly spent,
 And it is well. Oh, draw Thou near,
 Light my bewilderment,
 Make me content!

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest white,
 Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the
 night,

All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
 I walked with one I loved two-and-thirty years
 ago.

All along the valley while I walked to-day
 The two-and-thirty years were a mist that rolls
 away;

For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
 Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the
 dead,

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and
 tree,
 The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Le Maudit*. Par l'Abbé Three vols. 8vo. Paris: 1863.
2. *La Religieuse*. Par l'Abbé Two vols. 8vo. Paris: 1864.

THE principal characters in these novels are interdicted priests: the lives of two men at variance with the hierarchy to which they belonged, and finally proscribed by its power, furnish the Abbé . . . with many scenes and combinations new as yet in fiction. In presenting these views of French society and French clerical life, he necessarily dwells more on the dark than on the bright side of his subject. No class of men are more miserable than interdicted priests, and were a new Dante to describe the circles of our social Inferno, a special place must be reserved in it for the outcasts of the church. With sorrow be it said that their number is considerable in every Catholic country, though the Abbé . . . naturally confines his observations to the French priesthood, whose ruined members congregate for the most part in Paris. These men, deprived of their spiritual functions by absolute authority, are incapacitated from resuming their civil character and existence, and they have to seek in the capital for the bare means of subsistence which are too often denied to them. They are Pariahs even in French society. The descent to this Limbo may be rapid, but many paths lead to the edge of the abyss. Some priests are ruined by flagrant acts of misconduct, some by breaches of ecclesiastical discipline; some have despised things which the church delights to honor; others have held opinions which the church has agreed to condemn. But if the guilty suffer for their misdeeds, innocent victims are also to be found who can blame others and not themselves for their reverses, and say that "an enemy hath done this." For them, however, as for their compeers, there is no redress; their persons are insignificant, their means slender, their position equivocal, and their advocates few; and it may easily be imagined with what concentrated hatred men so circumstanced will regard the power which has thrust them out into the wilderness.

That hatred has at last found a tongue; those wrongs have at last found an expositor; that class has at last found an apologist, and one so ardent that it is almost impossible not to believe that he has himself come into the

same condemnation. Men learn in suffering what they teach in song, and it appeared as if it were "out of the depths" that this voice cried, so loud and so strident, so wild in its cadences, as hoarse with anger and with pain, it has stirred the whole of Catholic Europe. The name of the author of "*Le Maudit*" was instantly in demand; but that name has been as studiously withheld, neither taunts nor sympathy, neither praise nor blame, having as yet tempted him to reveal it. How long will the mystery last? Literary secrets are seldom well kept. The author of the *Waverley* novels did not even wait till all his tales were told, before he ceased to be to the public *vox et prætereæ nihil*; the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell did not long conceal the three daughters of the rector of Haworth; "Owen Meredith" can hardly be said to be a *nom de plume*, so flimsy is the mask its owner wears; that of "George Eliot" ceased to be impenetrable when "*Adam Bede*" had made another lady-novelist famous; and Junius alone remains, the riddle of our century as of his own. The Abbé . . . can hardly flatter himself that he is to be a second Junius; the singularity of that exception, the narrow limits within which the doubt lies, the very near certainty which was arrived at in that solitary instance, ought not to encourage any satirist to hope that notoriety and secrecy can at once be his portion; and if the system of religious *espionnage* be as perfect in France as the abbé represents it to be, it is almost incredible that such a book should have been written by a priest still in the exercise of his charge.

That it is not the work of a layman we think we may take on us to aver; for its merits and still more its faults would seem to show that it has not a lay origin. Its enemies themselves found their position untenable when they at first contended that only a secular person could and would have written it, and in the preface to the "*Religieuse*" the "orders" of the writer are placed beyond a doubt. The next resource was to declare that it was written by a "*Maudit*," and that its doctrines were only less scandalous than the life of the writer, prelates and presbyters darkly hinting as they thus spoke that they could, if they chose, supply the name which the abbé had left blank. Here the Ultramontane party had the public with

them, at least in some degree; and in this country, while we read and wondered, we also applauded, in some measure, the nameless abbé, settling in our minds that he was indeed some priest under the ban, whose life might have been blameless, but whose opinions and fate corresponded with those of the Abbé Julio. But what are we to think of his distinct denial given to this hypothesis in the preface to "*La Religieuse*," a hastily written sequel to the first book; in which he declares, not only that he is not an interdicted priest, but that no such person has had anything to do with "*Le Maudit*"? In what diocese, then, does he reside, this over-bold abbé, who has employed his leisure in the composition of such pages—or rather where has he suffered who has so suddenly begun to complain? Who have been his associates? Has he never espoused, in deed as well as word, the cause of those who were ready to perish? Has no hint escaped him till now of the opinions he entertains, of the love he bears to his church, of the scorn with which he regards the tools, and the pity with which he yearns over the victims, of spiritual tyranny? He must have lived with men and for men to have learned so much, and he is a Jesuit of the Jesuits if no sign of passion or of power has escaped him till now. Is he not an object of suspicion to his superiors? Has he never whispered ere this in the ear of bishops, vicars-general and preaching-friars, "*e pur si muove!*"? Does he preach down the Immaculate Conception and the intercession of the saints, and exalt faith, hope, and charity, sobriety and order, as virtues transcending the macerations and ecstatic visions of the cloister? Does he confess his penitents as Julio confessed Thérèse? Does he feed his flock as Julio led his at St. Aventin, and is he not thus known to many, at once hated and beloved? In short, if "*Le Maudit*" and "*La Religieuse*" are truly the work of a priest as yet unsuspended, it is by something little short of a miracle that he has not been identified long ago. It is almost incredible that he should not have been betrayed by accident or by surprise, or have been discovered by a servant, and denounced by a petty official, a jealous neighbor, a suspicious diocesan, or a watchful spy.

But while he preserves his incognito, his books obtain a daily increasing celebrity, and

his crime assumes, we may be sure, an ever deeper dye in the eyes of an offended hierarchy. The three volumes of "*Le Maudit*," with their unusual bulk, their ill-omened name, and *san-bénito* binding, seemed an insulting satire on the whole spiritual machinery of France. Ultramontanism, monachism, and sacerdotalism, all have been attacked, and the gauntlet thus thrown down was taken up without delay.

While the literary world exhausted itself in conjectures as to the authorship of the book, and it was ascribed, now to M. Renan, now to the Abbé Guetté, and then to M. Louis Ulbach, only to be disclaimed by them all, the church proceeded to angry and spasmodic action. "*Le Maudit*" (become, as its compiler ironically observes, far more obnoxious than Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*") was denounced from a thousand pulpits; a bishop threatened to suspend every one of his clergy who read it, reserving the intellectual feast for his own stronger digestion; and a cardinal archbishop stigmatized it in the French Senate as one of the most fearful scandals of our age. The civil authorities were requested to take cognizance of an outrage upon laws imperial and divine, while the spiritual directors of families strove to banish it from the libraries of the faithful, and absolution was refused in one diocese to all who should open its polluted and polluting pages.

Yet the thunders and anathemas of priests have not diminished the sale of "*Le Maudit*;" on the contrary, as in the case of some recent theological works in our own country, a different result has been attained, and for the last ten months the interest excited in France by the sufferings of a freethinking abbé is scarcely inferior to that which M. Victor Hugo kindled in behalf of his philanthropic felons.

The unknown author assures the public in a pithy preface that he expected such a reception. This tale was not written, he says, *not* to be read; and he adds that though he is aware that a fanatical camarilla will be horrified by his book, which is neither a history nor yet a political thesis, and which lays no claims to being a work of art, yet he believes that religious and impartial men will have the courage to admit that he serves rather than injures that holy cause which is already compromised by too many pens. So true is this assertion that its truth is the

main cause of the present excitement. "Le Maudit," unlike M. Eugène Sue's voluminous novel, "Le Juif Errant," is not a profane work; on the contrary, its spirit is religious, and its language is always deeply respectful toward the essentials of revealed religion, the true province of faith, and the characters of single-minded and pious persons. But, on the other hand, the writer has spared no class, and favors no denomination. He has traced with an unflinching hand the workings of the whole system. He has not only stigmatized the Jesuits, but he has shown us an inferior clergy illiterate and prejudiced, an unhappy order of men without liberty, and without independence of thought; abjectly subject to the civil power whose stipendiaries they are, and unprotected from the tyranny or obsessions of their spiritual chiefs. The higher orders in the church do not come out of the picture in more favorable colors. Vicars-general are seen intriguing with the Jesuits against their diocesans, bishops swayed between fear and hatred of the Company of Jesus, prelates whose eyes turn to Rome, and who buy the good offices of the reverend fathers, as a means of procuring the hat, and the additional £1,600 a year, which is due to a cardinal and an *ex-officio* senator of France. Add to this the sketch of the preaching friars, as personified by the Père Basile, and the glimpse at the interior of the *Gesù* in "Le Maudit," with the more disgusting episode of the Carmelite Confessor, in "La Religieuse," and it is not difficult to realize the effect of these books on the clerical party. The unknown abbé holds the mirror up to all abuses; and by unmasking hypocrisy has made as many enemies as there are hypocrites in the church. As they accuse him of having written for a speculation, it is interesting to hear the reasons he gives for having chosen the novel as his vehicle. Had he written a treatise, it might have made an ecclesiastical scandal, though not one of any extent. This reformer wished to popularize his subject, almost to dramatize it, and to make the truth live before the eyes of multitudes. He had another object besides publicity or literary success. In advocating reform he pleads that it is the interest of the laity as much as of the clergy; that Christianity, as distinct from theology, mysticism, or formalism, must leaven the laity, if it is to maintain its hold on society; and he demonstrates that a su-

perstitious, greedy, narrow-minded clergy, by their ignorant teaching and ignoble lives, have done and are doing more harm to the faith than a whole century of infidelity, be its teachers Voltaire, Comte, Renan, or About.

A new world without religion will, he believes, be the result, if religious liberty is to be long sacrificed to sacerdotal power, and Christianity kept in the swaddling bands of mediæval Catholicism, too mystical and unreal to meet the exigencies of an age which must be fed with more living food, if faith is to be preserved in the earth. Religious decline will be inseparable, he shows, from moral and social ruin; and

"With such a prospect before us, others may allow theories the most fatal to humanity and the church to be propagated in the world, and be unable, through indifference or weariness of spirit, to meet them with one vigorous protest; but I have not this failing of silence. Had I only faith as a grain of mustard-seed in humanity and in the church, two things which I love with the like love (unless, indeed, it would be better to say at once, with St. Augustine, that they are one and the same thing), that faith, I say, would oblige me again to take my post as an observant sentinel, and again to sound that cry of alarm which has startled so many noble minds."

Just such a watchman was Julio de la Clavière, the curé of St. Aventin, whose career we must follow from his ordination to his death; for some knowledge of the story is requisite before we can appreciate the argument of this curious book.

The scene is laid in Southern France, in the archiepiscopal city of T—— (evidently Toulouse), where an elderly lady, Madame de la Clavière, drags out her days, the victim rather than the dupe of the Jesuits, who have persuaded her to bequeath her money and estates to their society instead of to the Abbé Julio, her nephew, and his sister Louise, her niece and ward. Julio has just taken orders, but he is already suspected by the reverend fathers; his character is frank and independent, and so impatient of deception in all its shapes that they have failed in their endeavors to win him to their order. He becomes more and more unpopular, as it appears that he is a man unlikely to allow himself and his sister to be robbed with impunity. His manners are so pleasing, and

his talents so remarkable, that he is soon recommended to the notice of his metropolitan; he becomes private secretary to the prelate, and would soon have been one of the leading men of T——, had not a stroke of apoplexy removed a patron whose opinion of the Jesuits coincided with his own. The dying archbishop made Julio the depositary not only of his confession of sins, but of his confession of faith, and the young abbé, by publishing this document and becoming, so to say, its sponsor, ruined himself forever in the estimation of the Company of Jesus. He refuses to withdraw the book; it is published and has an extraordinary circulation, and the Jesuits can only revenge themselves by banishing the editor from the household of the new archbishop, and by causing him to be appointed to a very unimportant cure. But here Julio shines as a preacher, and dissuades a young heiress from taking the veil, against the wishes of her parents and at the instigation of the priests. Emboldened by this step, he holds conferences and preaches animated sermons, not only against monastic life, but against the celibacy of the clergy; he denounces the vices of a licentious youth, but proclaims that their correctives are not the vows of the cloister, but the claims of women to be loved and respected as the friends, the partners, and the civilizers of man's life. For promulgating such doctrine as this, he is reprimanded, and being translated to a distant living in the Pyrenees, spends some years at St. Avenin. There his troubles soon recommence. The young parish priest has not been long settled in his new charge before an accident makes him privy to a liaison between a neighboring curate and a beautiful parishioner. Julio's intervention prevents the ruin of Thérèse and the fall of Loubaire; he makes two fast friends for himself, but also lays the foundation of many scandalous reports, and of a disagreeable "inquiry" which the Jesuits oblige his metropolitan to institute into the circumstances of Thérèse's flight and appearance at St. Avenin. This first disaster had some tragical elements in it, and we shall see that it exercised a permanent result, not only on Julio's life, but upon the religious interests he had at heart.

His next adventure had a comical aspect. A Capuchin friar arrives to preach the month of Mary, and to warm the hearts of the villagers

towards the saints, and other intercessors acknowledged by the church. Julio cannot conceal his amusement at the sermons of the monk, and the Père Basile is equally scandalized at the tone of Julio's teaching, which savored of common sense and of the essential truths of revealed religion. The Père Basile, once on the scent, discovers much amiss in the parish, and a devout but ill-natured old lady of the flock has very curious tales to tell him of Julio's life, pursuits, and opinions. To crown all, the friar and the Mere Judas proclaim a miracle, and Julio endeavors from the first to hush up the affair. St. Joseph is supposed to have appeared to a pretty hysterical *protegee* of this over-pious pair. Père Basile maintains that St. Avenin is as likely as La Salette to be the scene of such a manifestation. Julio, apprehending that St. Joseph was as unlikely to appear in the one place as the Madonna in the other, declares that it is a case for exhibiting the mineral tonics, and prescribes quiet for the mind in great danger of becoming permanently diseased. The matter is carried before the higher powers and Julio's diocesan is worked on by the Jesuits to acknowledge the miracle, and reprimand the incredulous priest.

Meantime Julio has other occupation for his thoughts. His aunt, Madame de la Clavière, is dead, and he finds, as he had already suspected, that he and Louise are to inherit nothing but a small annuity out of her fortune, M. Tournichon, a notary of the town, being her sole legatee. This man is a creature of the Jesuits, and is to hand over to them a property which could not have been left to them as a religious corporation; thus the worldly goods of the Dowager de la Clavière assist in building a new college for the society in the city of T——.

Julio determines to dispute the will, and his counsel is no less a person than M. Auguste Verdelon, once a seminarian, now a rising barrister, and an attached friend of his family. M. Verdelon had found, before taking orders, that the yoke of the church was too heavy, both in matters practical and theoretical, and he had slipped the burden from his neck before it was too late. Had he not done so, he would have found his way into the ranks of the "*Maudits*" in far less time than the Abbé Julio, since he had less faith, less patience, less unselfishness, and more ambition. He is attached to Louise de la

Clavière, but, being poor himself, cannot marry her unless she can recover the inheritance due to her from her late aunt. Any reader of novels will understand how exciting is this *cause célèbre*: Julio de la Clavière, for himself and sister, against the Company of Jesus and their stalking horse the legatee Tournichon. The whole town is in a ferment. A friendly manager fans the flames by putting the play of the "Juif Errant" on the boards of his theatre. Rodin, the arch-schemer of that piece, is hissed; the robbed and maltreated heroines are applauded—the papers, both of T— and of the provinces, are full of the cause, and on the following day the trial opens. Verdeler delivers an able and pointed address; but the Jesuits are too strong for the orphans of la Clavière; they have suborned the old servant Madelette, the most important of the witnesses; the case is lost, and the verdict given against Julio. The Pere Briffard, confessor to the deceased lady of la Clavière, receives the thanks and congratulations of his society, and Julio returns to the tears of Louise and the silence of his parsonage. Verdeler soon afterwards marries a richer wife.

Julio determines, however, not to let the matter drop, and he is meditating fresh steps, when his sister is spirited away from St. Aventin by the machinations of a lady devotee. This friend is a tool of the Jesuits, and has been sent by them to convince Louise that it is for her sake alone that Julio ruins himself in body, soul, and estate. Louise, convinced that if her interests were no longer at stake, her brother's litigation with the reverend fathers would cease, is weak enough to fall into the trap, and, disappearing from St. Aventin, she leaves Julio no clew to her fate. He pursues her from town to town, from convent to convent; he appeals to the civil power, consults the police, and is angry, anxious, but helpless. At last he hears of her being in Italy, and goes to Rome, seeking her through every hamlet and cloister of the Papal States. His footsteps are dogged by a Jesuit spy, who often succeeds in putting him off the scent, and whom Julio, by some unaccountable stupidity, never suspects. But Louise is at last discovered. Her shrill and sweet soprano is heard rising above the choir of nuns in the convent of Notre Dame de Forcassi, and Julio, maddened with joy, affec-

tion, and surprise, rushes at the *grille*, tears it open, and carries off his sister.

It may be imagined that this is the crowning point of his misdeeds. To have violated the sanctuary, to have abducted a bride of Heaven, to have interfered with her vocation, and to have terrified her companions, are crimes not to be forgiven, least of all in the States of the Church and in the neighborhood of the *Gesù*. Julio is sent to expiate his offence in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where his adventures are less thrilling than the lovers of the horrible might expect, and he is liberated by the stratagem of a friend and the courage of an obliging bandit. It is one of Julio's misfortunes, not only to have his good deeds evil spoken of, but also to get into questionable company, to have more than a fair share of the strange bedfellows of adversity, and to perform acts of justice and mercy under circumstances to which his enemies could, without difficulty, give a very odious color.

After this, his downward career is rapid. He goes to Paris with Louise, takes the low place of a "diacre de l'office," for he is not yet suspended, preaches at St. Eustache, again becomes popular, and is again persecuted by the Jesuits. He retaliates by the allusions and disclosures which appear in the *Catholique Liberal*, a paper of which he obtains the direction, and in this way he is able to give a wider notoriety to his religious and polemical opinions. It may be asked how Julio obtained a subsistence during these months of his life. He worked as a journeyman printer in the Pignal printing-house, where interdicted priests earn their bread and receive half the wages of ordinary artisans. His companions are other outlaws of the church; among them, Loubaire reappears, and there follow in this sacerdotal Bohemia many scenes,—strange in themselves, strange in their antecedents, and strange in the tone in which they are set forth. At last Julio is appointed to another cure; but as parish priest of Melles fresh troubles await him. Louise lived with him; but he discovers in some old family papers that she is not his sister. Julio feels their position to have become equivocal; but he conceals his own struggles, and Louise opportunely dies. He next appears before the public as the author of a pamphlet against the temporal power of the popes, and the cup of his iniquity is full.

He is interdicted, and denounced by a diocesan Synod in the following terms:—

"Cursed is the priest who from the pulpit of truth has taught scandalous doctrines!

"Cursed is he who attacks the temporal power of the Popes of Rome, without which their spiritual power would not be free!

"Cursed is the proud, the heretic, the innovator, the fabricator of scandalous books, the profane person!

"Cursed is he who shall approve the doctrines of Julio, still curate of Melles in the diocese of T——!"

The interdicted abbé is now alone in the world, and at last his strength gives way. The constant intellectual effort, the moral anguish, the harassing thoughts and the bitter experience of the last years of his life, exhaust his frame, and "*Le Maudit*" dies, breathing less of anger towards his enemies than of gratitude to his Maker, and of aspiration for *that* abiding city, where there is no temple made with hands, but where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Here the story of "*Le Maudit*," properly speaking, ended; but the narrative is now continued through the pages of "*La Réligieuse*," where Loubaire and Thérèse succeed to the places which Julio and Louise had left vacant. By the instance of the Jesuits, Christian burial is refused to Julio in the cemetery of Bigorre, and he has to be interred by his two friends, who select a peak of the Pyrenean chain as a resting-place for this pioneer of the church for the future. Loubaire, softened by Julio's presence and example, is also deeply affected by his death, and when he returns to Paris, his associates are no longer the printers of the priestly Bohemia, but the Bishop Laurent and the Abbé Cambiac. Both these men have experiences of their own which made Julio dear to them. The bishop had so far allowed this tenderness towards the "*Maudit*" to appear that it had cost him his bishopric, and the Abbé Cambiac had left the ranks of the Jesuits because, like Passaglia, his righteous soul was vexed by them day by day. Loubaire is cherished by them for Julio's sake, and they devise together plans for diffusing his principles and vindicating his fame.

It is decided that the bishop should write a book, and spread it anonymously over the length and breadth of the land. Under cover of the history of "*L'Eglise Nouvelle*," the

Abbé * * * gives an account of the publication and reception of "*Le Maudit*," and takes occasion to satirize the insolent bigotry of his own Ultramontane critics.

One of the subjects especially urged by these reformers was the training of women in France. They objected to conventual education as unfitted for forming the minds of intelligent wives and mothers; and to secure a change in this respect the bishop, the abbé, and Loubaire open a normal school for governesses. Their coöperator in this work was to be Thérèse.

At the time of Julio's death we saw Thérèse in the garb of a sister of charity, and left her determined to continue in a life of separation from a world she had found too full of snares. She sees an amount of variety in convent life, such as must rarely, we should think, fall to the lot of any postulant, and her vicissitudes are certainly invented (like the misfortunes of Julio) less with a view of forming an interesting or harmonious narrative than to show the workings of the system. From having been a sister of charity, Thérèse enters a convent of St. Agnes. Here her life is embittered by the evil reports which have been circulated about her former life and her friendship with Julio. She has so little aptitude either for flattering her abbess or for mystical devotion, that she leaves Bigorre without regret, and goes as a postulant to a Carmelite house, where she hopes to find peace in a life of greater austerity, and oblivion of the past in more complete seclusion. The Carmelite nuns aim at perfection, and endeavor to attain to it by a discipline as severe as that of the sisterhood in the "*Rue Petit Picpus*," which afforded Victor Hugo a theme for his striking interlude on the monastic life. But Thérèse has been accustomed to mountain air, to cleanliness, and to exercise. The monotony of Carmelite rule is maddening, and the enforced filthiness of dress and person so great that her health gives way. Nor are her distresses all of a bodily nature. The abbess looks on her with an unsympathetic eye, and she falls into disgrace with her confessor, after a series of conversations which are represented as occurring during confession, and which we would fain believe to be over-colored, if not impossible. A doctor whom she consults advises her to leave without waiting for the expiration of her noviciate; and after quit-

ting this den of moral and physical nastiness, she returns to her father's house to recruit her strength and to watch over his last days. All these details we gather from Thérèse's letters to Loubaire; and they are the great blemish of the book. In both these novels there are passages open to criticism, but none that warrant such condemnation as Thérèse's letters. Surely, the narrative might have been cast in some other than the epistolary form. The gross incidents and still grosser innuendoes, which Thérèse repeats, should hardly under any provocation have occupied a woman's pen; but is it conceivable that any woman with a particle of delicacy, we had almost said decency, should have written these details to a man who had once been her lover, and with whom her own relations had been so compromising, so dangerous, and so sad? When our author argues, when he pleads, and when he protests he never offends; he can sometimes handle an equivocal relation, and does handle many a delicate subject, with firmness as well as with modesty; but in inventing situations his taste is far more questionable. He has either graduated in the worst class of French novels, or we must suppose that in constantly touching pitch his own mind has not escaped defilement. The objectionable vulgarity of too many of his pages is a powerful weapon in the hands of his enemies, and it is strange that he does not perceive how it perverts the better tendencies of his book.

In spite of our sympathy for these novels and their author, we feel that he knows nothing of the reserve and sanctity of domestic life; and though the character of Julio is one of angelic purity and spotless virtue, it must be said that those who espoused his cause and opinions fell far short of that standard of moral dignity of which he set so bright an example. Thérèse is not an interesting heroine; she is too dogmatical and too unblushing for our taste, and most alarmingly ready to be a law unto herself. Sometimes, however, she allowed herself to be guided by others. Her father's death left her a wealthy heiress as well as an orphan, and though her first impulse was to go to Paris, and to put her fortune at Loubaire's disposal for pious and polemical purposes, common sense and a friend whisper that she is too young and too beautiful to make such a step reputable or wise. This friend pre-

vails on her to try another religious house where the sisters, instead of living like Trappists, are devoted to tuition and the care of the poor. The convent of the Sisters of the Nativity promised well; it was newly established, and was under the care of a parish priest distinguished by the absence of religious extravagance. But extravagance soon made its appearance, and Thérèse found that works of practical piety were less grateful to Marie de Saint Trélody, her superior, than works of supererogation and *neuvaines* of prayers to the Immaculate Virgin and St. Agnes. The offices of the ordinary confessor were at a discount, and a monk of Ultramontane and ascetic tendencies preferred before him. Under his auspices the nuns became daily more quarrelsome, and also less edifying in the eyes of a novice thus deeply read in convent life and manners. Innumerable petty jealousies appeared, and all the intrigues consequent on the election of a superior convinced Thérèse that she must abandon her hope of finding a religious house in which, as a sensible woman, she would not be made ultimately both wretched and ashamed. That these and other evils exist in conventual life no person will deny; but the Abbé * * * cannot expect these details to pass for the whole truth. Women have ere this, and will after this, find it possible to lead active, useful, and comparatively happy lives in religious retreats, and some of the best, if not the wisest, of their sex, have obtained very different results from the experiment which answered so ill in the case of Thérèse. Paris was her next point, and there the triumvirate of reformers employed her money and her talents in furthering their schemes. Her especial province as a nursing-mother of "La Nouvelle Eglise" was to canvass the women of the upper and middle classes, and to engage them to renounce the old plan of a conventual education for their daughters, in favor of the governesses and the normal school to which we have before alluded. Fresh instances come daily under Thérèse's notice of the bad effects of consigning the youth of France almost entirely to the charge of Jesuits and nuns, and she works assiduously in the path which Loubaire had marked out for her. Thus, as a bitter opponent of nuns, nunneries, and all their works, ends the career of "La Religieuse" in these two volumes, which are in truth only a continuation

of "Le Maudit." Through all these incidents the Jesuits play their part. Infuriated by the sympathy which the new sect inspires, they write under the sense of the intellectual inferiority of their own arguments, and they take counsel together how they may suppress a book which they cannot answer or refute.

The actions and devices of the two parties are woven together, as in the first part of the story, with a slender thread of romance, and the catastrophe is brought about by the murder of Loubaire in a street of the Faubourg St. Germain. His assassin is the Comte de Saint-Hermenegilde, a *roué*, whose madness is partly caused by love for Thérèse, partly by the wish to revenge the Company of Jesus, to which he is devoted, on the man whom he considers to be his and their arch-enemy.

Loubaire is buried beside Julio on the Pyrenean mount, and after life's fitful fever, both sleep well, where the evening sunbams still linger long after the valley is gray with the shadows of the coming night, and where they again strike in the early morning as heralds of the approaching dawn:—

"Hic furor, hic mala, schismata, scandala, pax
sine pace;

Pax sine litibus, et sine luctibus, in Syon arce."

So sung Bernard the Cluniac seven hundred years ago, and as painting their portion in life, and their hope in death, his lines might serve as a device for these two martyrs of the Company of Jesus, slain in the nineteenth century.

To give a rapid and perspicuous *précis* of five large octavo volumes is not an easy task; but we have attempted such a sketch of their contents as might enable our readers to apprehend the plan of these curious books. Their composition has, we believe, been a work of conviction, but it has sometimes been one of temper and of haste; and characters have been sacrificed throughout to situations upon which a demonstration could be made or an argument founded.

Some of the *dramatis personæ*—and here perhaps the abbé's work resembles real life—are singularly uninteresting. Louise, for example, abuses the privilege of a heroine to be insipid, and the Archbishop of T—, M. Le Crie, is so faintly portrayed that, unless we were carefully told of all his feelings and peculiarities, his identity would hardly be palpable to the reader. Some of the slighter sketches, on the other hand, are very success-

ful. Mademoiselle de Flamarens, upon whom probably very little pains was bestowed, is thoroughly lifelike, and Madame de Saint-Trélody, the Mother Superior of the Ladies of the Nativity, disagreeably so; her narrow minded, obstinate, cold temper, being as oppressive as the bad air of a Carmelite cell. In short, "Le Maudit" and "La Religieuse" are two portfolios of powerful sketches—their enemies say caricatures—of all the possible trials and situations of a typical curate and of a typical novice, whose principles and opinions run counter to the received order of things, and who find little sympathy and much ill-will in the sacerdotal class. Agreeing, as we must do in the main, with the author's views as to monachism and the abuse of clerical power, it is also necessary to receive his statements with allowance if not with some measure of distrust. He would have better served the cause he has at heart, did he not show so much of a vindictive temper, and thus lay himself open to the charge of exaggeration. Having said this, and having admitted that as these are not mere sensation novels by an author who has had the luck to hit upon fresh fields and pastures which are new, not to say rank, it is only fair that they should stand or fall by other claims, and be judged by other standards than that of literary taste.

The style throughout is very unequal, often nervous and excellent, seldom careful, but never spasmodic. Thus we have to thank the Abbé * * * for sparing us five volumes of periods copied from the fatiguing and melodramatic manner of M. Sue, or inflated with all the bombast of M. Victor Hugo, when French prose "faisait décadence" in his last epic. The conversational parts are, perhaps, those in which the want of finish is the most felt; they sometimes have great merit, and at others they sink below the level which we could have thought possible in an author of so much power. His matter is so varied and so profound, that no extracts would do it justice; but they may give some notion of his manner: we have selected them without any view to dramatic value, and have rather taken passages which, while they give a fair idea of his opinions, also do justice to his capacity as an author at once satirical and grave.

The day before Julio de la Clavière received his ordination, he learned from his

friend Auguste Verdelon the reasons which had determined him not to take orders. Verdelon concluded his argument with these words:—

“The bare idea of finding myself engaged by solemn ties to a corporation which openly declares itself as the antagonist of all forms of social emancipation is unendurable by me. From the day in which I said to myself, Let us leave those honest but blinded men who preach about the light and make the extinguishers under which the light and they are both dying out,—from that day I have been free and happy.”

“Julio listened to his friend with the greatest attention. Many a time had he asked himself what was the explanation of this grave problem, of the flagrant contradiction between the social theories of Christianity, so wide and so emancipative, and the domineering spirit of the clergy. His nature was a liberal one, but it was as gentle as it was intelligent, and he believed that he had found a solution for the problem, by blaming men only for the ambitious tendencies of the clergy ever since the irruption of the barbarians had made them the only intellectual guides of the western world. Less rigorously logical than the inflexible Verdelon, he had said to himself that there was much good to be done inside the limits of the priesthood, and that he might take its vows on himself without abjuring his warm sympathy for the social progress of mankind. He interrupted Verdelon. ‘Are you not making a confusion here? Why blame the whole clerical body for the ambition of some men, whom history shows us in all ages as aspiring to theocratic rule? One must look on the church in its human aspect, and its divine. The first I give over to your anathemas, for *man* defiles everything he touches; but the second is noble, great, and will never perish. . . . It appears to me that it would be better to make haste to enter the priesthood, and to carry back to it much of the spirit it has lost. Our task would be all the greater.’

“My friend, the time for that is not come. Every earnest man who, like you, may wish to effect a reconciliation between modern society and the clergy will break down in the struggle. I love you for your noble aspirations, but I see all the sorrows which they prepare for your future. Your nature is too elevated to allow you to cast in your lot with the violent party which now governs the clergy; and from the day in which you do not join these men in hurling maledictions against the age, and in singing the old anthem of praise of the good old days of the Middle Ages, you will be looked upon with suspicion and thrust out as a pariah.”

“My dear Verdelon, I deplore as you do the fatal antagonism to their times in which part of the clergy have placed themselves, but I do not believe that this is the case with the whole ecclesiastical body. There is an intelligent minority which, faithful to old teaching, has known how to escape the hurtful animus of which you speak. This minority preserves the sacred spark in the church, and constitutes, with all faithful men who daily realize with more and more distinctness the grand doctrine of the gospel, what we may call the *soul* of the church. . . . I regret that you have not my courage, Verdelon.”

“It is too painful to be a part of the official church, and to have to condemn at every moment the spirit by which it is directed. I hope that the mildness of your character, your moderation and conciliatory temper, may render a position more easy for you of which it is impossible not to foresee the risks. If you succeed, you will be a hero. If you fail, you will be a martyr.”

“Already the shadows were deepening in the plain, and a beautiful setting sun presented to the two friends one of those spectacles before which few remain impassive, which the inhabitants of countries not too inland can behold in all their magnificence. The vast and serrated chain of the Pyrenees stretched across the south, like a curtain barred with purple and with gold. T— lay in the middle distance between the spectators and the sun, which lit up the edges of the clouds by which it was half enveloped, the confused mass of the town being crowned by the spires of St. Séverin, and by the high naves of its churches. A whole creation of the fancy might be seen in the fleecy clouds which covered the sky, and the eye might wander forever over the panorama which Nature, so prodigal of her wealth, unrolled at the horizon. . . . As they reached the town, the different groups of seminarists drew together, and it would have been imprudent to have continued their conversation.

“After retiring to his cell, Julio turned over again in his mind the discussion he had had with his friend. How often had he said all this to himself! But the young priest had received from his Maker an almost angelic mind, and if he understood the dangers, he also had a presentiment of triumph. ‘What,’ he would say, ‘is Virtue, if she does not strive? This sacerdotal world upon which I am entering is retrograde and unintelligent. But what then? I may do some good to the poor, the weak, and the neglected of this world. I may be as a providence for some years to any hamlet in which I am settled. No doubt I shall have troubles, contradictions, and trials, but I shall finish my course

on earth,—and it seems to promise me a noble future.”

We have said that Julio was sent to just such an humble cure when, after the death of M. de Flamarens, he was appointed to St. Aventin. Thus he carried out his ideal:—

“I have been installed for a month in my little parsonage. It is small and very poor, but I feel already that I shall soon get accustomed to it. I have simple tastes, and shall be always happy, while a good old woman comes every day to prepare my food and put my humble housekeeping in order. These things settled I am free. What a strange fate has transported me, as by the swirl of a hurricane, from the active, intelligent life of a large town to the humble existence of a poor highland village! But I shall not find fault with Providence. Has not God got a design in everything he does? How stupid of us to forget that he knows best by what paths, steep or easy, our pilgrimage is to be accomplished. I bless thee, O my God! . . . Then my mountain home is a very beautiful one! I shall like it: I can follow my tastes for natural science, and very interesting studies I shall make. Before two years are over, I shall have a splendid herbal. . . . My first visit has been to the *cure* of Luchon. I found him horribly prejudiced, for in our clerical world it is not enough if victims are stricken, they must also be aspersed. Our archbishop must have been writing to him in his finest style about the tainted sheep over whom he is recommended to keep an eye, lest it should infect the rest of the flock. . . . It is evident that my smallest actions are watched, and that I am placed under the surveillance of the high archiepiscopal police. . . . My life as a pastor has its consolations. I found ignorance, superstition, and routine among these poor people; but I feel that I may uproot some of it. I am accustoming my poor highlanders to understand me, and they are grateful for the pains I take to speak to them in the plainest words. I only propound one thing to them at a time, and I present that idea over and over again. I teach these men as one would teach children, and see the advantage of this method. . . . Last Thursday there was an official dinner at Luchon. I was there, and so were the whole of the clergy of the canton, and I observed that I was the object of a general and lively curiosity. These reunions are very gay; the jokes have nothing very commendable in them, but they excite plenty of laughter, all vulgar as they are. The dinner lasted three hours, so did the hilarity of my companions, who ate much, drank much, and made noise enough. As the youngest and latest arrival,

I was placed at the bottom of the table near the *cure* of the Valley of the Lys, a little parish like my own. I talked to him, and he struck me as more simple, more true, and less vulgar than the rest of them. Yet, like me, he is a proscribed person. After dinner, we met in the garden, and he made me understand that he was the object of an unenviable supervision. We promised to see each other from time to time. . . . In my botanizing rambles the distance will not seem inconvenient. Besides, I feel that this solitude is killing me, and I feel that I must have a friend.”

This *cure* of the Valley of the Lys is the Loubaire who afterwards plays so important a part in Julio's history both for evil and for good. Is this picture of the country clergy of southern France overdrawn? We fear that there are some districts of the Welsh and Scotch highlands where a gathering of the local incumbents, or of a presbytery, would exhibit similar peculiarities; and if we consider the position of the inferior clergy in France, we can hardly think that Julio's neighbors at St. Aventin were very unlike what he describes them. Their incomes, or rather their stipends,—since a French bishop receives his pay like an admiral, and a French priest receives his like a petty officer,—are slender. The stipends of some incumbents vary from forty-eight to sixty-two pounds; while those of the *desservants* range from thirty-six to forty-eight pounds. These sums are eked out by the parsonage and garden; but they are not likely to tempt any man of birth and education to enter the ministry. It follows, then, that the priesthood must be constantly recruited from the peasant population, and the result upon the moral and intellectual tone of the clergy is what might be expected. It is an object for a peasant proprietor to get his son into the church. The future *seminariste* is not liable to be drawn for the conscription, and a father who objects to sending his children to be made “*chair à poudre*” can put him into a profession which is respectable in his eyes, and which insures him the lifelong possession of a house, a garden, and the forty pounds a year which has become proverbial in our country. We said that the calling and status of a *cure* insured, or rather promised, the lifelong enjoyment of these things; but it is not always so. Not only must the recipient stand well with his spiritual pastors and masters, avoiding the

hidden reefs on which Julio and Loubaire struck, besides the more patent rock of offence which laxity of morals throws in his way, but he is answerable for his conduct to the temporal power also. He must stand well with the local police, with the mayors, and with the heads of the *gens-d'armes* of the district, and he must make himself in all political questions as subservient and unobtrusive as possible. In short, his life is a negation of everything which a gentleman prizes, and an outrage on many of the feelings which a gentleman possesses. Such is the situation (since the Revolution destroyed the revenues, and the Concordat sold the liberties of the Gallican Church) of the humble men who, in Chateaubriand's touching words, have "to console the afflicted, share their mite with the poor, comfort the sick, exhort the dying, bury the dead, and pray for France." It is almost well for them that their antecedents are equally humble, and that their education is of a kind little calculated to turn out a race of Galileos. A lower depth is reached by the friars, and the better they are fitted to act the spy at the bidding of the Jesuits. Thus the preaching friar Don Basile came down to St. Aventin less to edify the parishioners than to report on the young heretic. A scene between Julio and the Capuchin is a good specimen of the Abbé * * * 's satirical vein:—

"Julio showed him the chamber which awaited him, and there the friar deposited a cargo of consecrated articles which he had brought with him; he was then offered some refreshments, but excused himself by reason of that breakfast at Luchon which he had not yet digested, adding that he should keep his appetite for dinner. . . . After all arrangements for the friar and his errand had been made, Julio drew into the middle of the room the small table at which he worked, and taking his microscope from a drawer, began to examine the specimens he had just brought home, with a view to classifying them.

"We are very rich here, *mon pere*, in mineralogy. The Pyrenees having only risen, like the Apennines, towards the end of the cretaceous period, are found to contain nearly all the rocks of the igneous and sedimentary formations. These mountains, therefore, furnish me with well-nigh the whole history of the successive ages of the earth's crust. I am all the more favorably placed here at St. Aventin, because I am at the centre of the chain. I have only to follow the torrent of l'Arboust, to go up to the lake of Seculejo,

and to reach the peak of Espingo, less distant but more dangerous in their ascent than my mountain, although they have no glaciers, and I find myself on the ridge between France and Spain. . . . This explains to you how we have rocks of all kinds,—the beautiful granites of which the monumental baths of Luchon have been built, with syenites, porphyries, and marbles of all colors. I will show you the result of to-day's exploration,'—and passing each specimen under his lens, he showed them to the monk. 'Here is a granite of a very fine grain. . . . Here is a piece of eruptive quartz of the greatest purity; it is from a thick seam which traverses one ridge of the mountain in all its length. Remark, *mon pere*, by the aid of this glass, these little black crystals,—this is peroxide of manganese in a crystallized form. I have one bit of red porphyry as fine as that which the Egyptians used for their sepulchral edifices, their sphinxes, and the statues of their gods. . . . The infiltration of springs charged with carbonates of chalk and the appearance of different acids have occasioned stalagmites in thick masses, which are quarried under the name of marbles; they are all the more remarkable because they are of the richest hues, and very transparent; but I perhaps weary you, *mon pere*, with twaddling in this way.

"Not at all, not at all,' replied the Capuchin, in whose ears these words—orthose, quartz, oxyde, carbonates, and stalagmites—sounded like so many words out of the Babylonian inscriptions. Afterwards he muttered to himself, 'Well, is it astonishing, after this, that these young people who poke their noses into science should become, as St. Augustine says, beasts of pride, and in their pride wish to reform the church? Oh! blessed and holy ignorance, thou art a far better thing!'

"But the monk did not wish to be obliged to preserve a silence which might be mistaken for a modest but humiliating avowal that he knew nothing. A Capuchin ought to know everything. He proceeded, therefore, to seek in the remotest lobes of his brain for some faint traces of his studies in Dom Calmet's lectures on the Deluge and the age of the world.

"Do you, then,' he said to Julio, 'believe in these successive ages, ascribed by modern science to our globe?'

"Yes,' replied Julio, 'because I handle and see them.'

"All these are systems, M. le Curé,—nothing but systems.'

"Systems, I admit, but if founded on facts from henceforth realities in science.'

"But you see all this has been invented by atheists; it is against religion.'

"Not at all, *mon pere*; religion is a very

different affair, and far beyond all this. What relation is there between religion and the study of all the phenomena which may have arisen during the cooling of the globe, when it passed from its incandescent state to a temperature suited to the existence of plants and living organisms?

"But still, why not stick to what Moses says? He ascribes all this to the Divine Power in six days. You don't doubt that God could have created all this in the space of one second?"

"Most certainly he could—no doubt of that; but that is not the question. The matter in hand is, to discover if God was pleased to organize the world, with its mineral crust, its vegetables, and its living creatures, in a few days, or through several millions of centuries. . . . The order and province of scientific truths is one thing, and the order of revealed verities is something very distinct from it. The Bible is divine in the matter of revelation; it was not necessary that it should be so in regard to science. . . . Oh! *mon pere*, you and I may believe or not believe in the teaching of modern science, as we think best, but we cannot change by one iota the valuable attainments of science, or deprive it of a step that it has gained."

The curate of St. Avenin could find both labor and amusement in his solitary home, and his days alternated between pastoral labors and such researches as drew upon him the censures of Father Basile. But his mind was too eager, and his necessity for sympathy as well as occupation too great, to make rural life ever truly acceptable to him. For him the life of a great capital, and the intercourse of men of education, was almost a necessity, if his mind was to preserve its sanity and to be saved from preying on itself. Paris was his real home; for the place of preacher at St. Eustache, and the labors of editing his journal, had made life busy and almost hopeful to a priest who desired to labor more abundantly, and to mediate, if possible, between modern society and the sacerdotal party. He wrote thus to a friend, and the letter is characteristic of the Frenchman and of the man:—

"I thought I heard the voice of God bidding me leave the field of religious controversy where I felt that I had suffered loss in defending his cause. Yet it has cost me much, and how poignant are my regrets! I fancied myself settled forever in Paris, in the middle of that phalanx of men whose opinions often clashed, but who were all seekers after truth, all honest and loyal-hearted

amid the flux and reflux of human thoughts. They were noble brothers to me. Graciously did they open their ranks to receive the priest who could and would not yield one of his Christian convictions, but whose words were never bitter against any doctrines, not even against those which ran counter to his belief.

"Men bigoted with Catholicism murmured at my adoption into this great world of European publicity. I was a living protest against their system of polemical hatred, and their appetite for anathemas and persecutions. They have been powerful against me. I was, humanly speaking, the weakest, and between them and me who cared for truth. Now the sacrifice is accomplished. *Consummatum est!* Oh! Paris! Paris! land of liberty and life. Paris! the new Rome, conquering the nations, not by armed legions, but by the peaceful phalanxes of thinkers, artists, and men of letters. Paris! receive in this letter, which one friend will read and then give to the winds, the last farewell of one who has loved thee so well,—of one who was once obscure and unknown, and whom thou hast received as one of thy men of mark and might. I preserve for thee the imperishable love of a son! In the wild, restless motion of our age which carries away men and things, as the tides of ocean roll up the weeds that once lay heaped in her quiet caves, names are soon forgotten. I do not seek for myself any glory which might be won from others who in their search after truth have labored with as much ardor and as much love; but leave me this illusion,—that in the day when this life goes out in solitude, those who once grasped me by the hand, as a pioneer of the future, will sometimes recall my name to the intellectual world which I loved."

A chapter of the second volume gives a sketch of the ecclesiastical world which Julio did not love:—

"The college of the Jesuits was built on the southern side of the town of T—, where, being a vast and imposing structure, it towered as a citadel above the aristocratic quarters of the old capital of Southern France. Its white mass caught the eye as much as the splendid choir of the Cathedral of St. Etienne, with its high roofs and its numberless buttresses. The reverend fathers had had great success; the gifts and subscriptions had amounted to a large sum, and none of the hoped-for successions had slipped past them. They had had the pleasure of seeing expire (duly and fully prepared by the sacraments of the church) both M. Cayron, Madame de Vateil, and M. Legros; and so wise were the precautions they had taken, that in all these instances few people in T— (with the exception of those inquisitive per-

sons who always scent out the most secret transactions) were aware that four or five families had been pillaged, and old relatives in their second childhood robbed, that this luxurious palace might be built for the Jesuits. M. Tournichon had, with equal despatch and method, arranged everything regarding the succession of Madame de la Clavière, and as he had found by experience that religious bodies never err on the side of generosity, he armed himself with his ledger before he presented himself to reckon, as it would be vulgarly called, with the reverend *pere provincial*.

"The porter, well knowing the consideration with which the good fathers regarded the old man, announced him to the *pere provincial* with that smooth, obsequious tone of voice which is peculiar to such pious servants.

"M. Tournichon, if you please, my reverend father."

"You are welcome, M. Tournichon. Well! you have had a great success here! All the better—we are very much pleased."

"Yes, reverend father. She made a very holy ending, did this good Madame de la Clavière. She had all proper honors, and I have even ordered a tomb."

"Ah! very right. Yes, a tomb . . . it was not very expensive?"

"I ask your pardon, *mon pere*, it was dear; but I made a bargain, and I think I may say that we are out of it for five hundred francs."

"Very good."

"Then, reverend father, I bring you my little account. As I dare say you do not care to fatigue yourself with all the details of this reckoning, you have the sum-total at the end of the columns. I have done as for myself, and as a good administrator for the church, in the matter of a pious legacy."

"Oh! the worthy man! We are very grateful to you. What a pity it is that such good Christians as yourself are rare!"

"I do not deny that I have had some trouble. No less than ten years have I been about this business; and for ten years to play a hand at cards with an old lady whose wits were not the cause of her death, and who often played very ill—"

"Was not amusing, I grant it; but then how meritorious before God!"

"So much pains and perseverance could hardly fail. Shortly before her death she all but changed her mind."

"Indeed!"

"I was obliged to speak very sharply, and the old thing was frightened. I reminded her of her engagements, and threatened her with the vengeance of God which overtakes those who, having got upon the right

path, dare to turn back: and I secured everything at last."

"What a worthy man! God will assuredly recompense the energy with which you have defended his cause."

"Well, by the help of time and monsieur the doctor with his perpetual prescriptions, all has come right; but that rogue of a doctor! he has sent in a horrible bill."

"That bill must be disputed."

"I have done so. I also made him perceive that if he was so exacting, it might bring him into trouble with his supporters, and his long bill of three thousand francs"—

"Three thousand francs! Horrible!"

"Has been tidily reduced by two thirds,—the third demanded with very many excuses."

"Admirable! You are really adroit, M. Tournichon!"

"The old man having then unrolled the valuation of the Clavière succession, pointed meekly and as to a trifle, at the sum of 50,276 francs standing among the expenses, and representing at five per cent. the honorariums, journeys, and other outlays of all sorts of the above-named Tournichon, *minus* which, the all and whole of the above succession was handed over by him in its integrity, to be disposed of by the reverend *pere provincial* at his good pleasure.

"Though this reverend personage had long known how to estimate the disinterestedness of Tournichon, he could not refrain from exclaiming, '50,276 francs! that is rather strong, M. Tournichon.'"

"Only five per cent., my reverend father."

"But we are so poor, my dear M. Tournichon."

"Five per cent., reverend father."

"You should do something for our labors of piety, M. Tournichon."

"I have remembered you in my will, reverend father. I owe too much to the church and the religious orders not to minister to them after my death with a portion of my modest competency; but you understand that I have a daughter."

"Come, come! this must be arranged! We will look at this bill another day; you will then be more accommodating."

"Reverend father, at my age one ought to put one's affairs in order. I require tranquillity of mind. I have done, believe me, more than I would ever do for any but for the men of God."

"Then pointing out the total again to the Jesuit, he made him read,—

"Accepted and verified by us," adding, "You will have the goodness to accept and sign this now."

"It is dear, very dear. You will not make it less?"

"No; it is impossible, reverend father. It is not five per cent.; and then playing cards for ten years with an old woman for nothing!"

"The reverend father took up a pen, hesitated, looked at it, and then signed. Then putting the voluminous memorandum among his papers, he murmured to himself, 'That good man has fleeced us.'

"God be with you, reverend father!" answered Tournichon, as, thankful to have had his account settled, he made a profound obeisance to the priest, and departed."

In this way the Jesuits of T— secured money and dealt with the usurer. Equally pungent are the paragraphs in which the Abbé * * * describes the Jesuits of the capital, when they wanted a review of "L'Eglise Nouvelle," and hired a journalist named Pantaléon Laboue. The reverend father prescribes the matter, the manner, and the price of this critique, which is evidently the counterpart of some of the Ultramontane reviews with which the author and his publisher have been favored. Characteristic as the passages are, our space does not allow us to copy them and many others which would seem to ask for admission. We have given, however, extracts enough to show the style and temper of the Abbé * * *, and of the novels in which he has popularized the subject of clerical life and clerical reform in France. The strife between the two parties—between the Absolutists and those who, by timely reforms, wish to make the Catholic Church free, useful, and respected—is patent to the world. Nor is the French Empire the only field on which the same battle is likely to be fought. There are those who think that what is passing in the whole religious world of to-day is but the harbinger of a great approaching change; of the dissolution of that system of mediæval theocracy, which has exercised for a thousand years so great a power over the minds and consciences of men and the fate of nations. Many of the most enlightened minds of this age are filled with a presentiment of an approaching storm; and though we are unable at present to foresee the results of a great ecclesiastical revolution (of which the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy would probably be the signal), yet it is impossible for the most sanguine or the most indifferent to ignore that in every European country a strong religious movement is taking place. It occurs in Protestant kingdoms as

well as under Catholic rule, and it assumes different shapes according to the complexion of the established faiths, the temper of parties, and the attitude which the hierarchy assumes toward the educated laity. In Italy, the impetus is at once religious and political. In Belgium, politics rather than controversies seem to deepen a feeling which is directed less against creeds and dogmas than against measures and men. Not only was the priestly party defeated in the late elections, but it is believed that no cabinet, formed on an Ultramontane basis, could at this moment command the confidence of the nation. In England, the situation is not complicated with any political bias whatever, and the present phase of religious thought appears as a reaction from the two last movements in the Anglican Church against the Evangelical and Tractarian schools. In Scotland, the Established Church, placed between the great Seceding party of 1843 and the Scottish Episcopal body, must consider her interests, and is awakening to the necessity of a liturgical reform. In short, the controversy is world-wide, though it is in Italy chiefly that men see the day approaching. Thus it is that the praise or blame of originality in his views cannot be awarded to the author of "Le Maudit." If M. Michelet has for years been the terror of the Jesuits, who wince under that fierce and well-applied lash, the anti-papal movement in Italy has assumed great proportions, and the names of Passaglia and of Liverani are as unwelcome to ecclesiastical ears as the author of the "Maudit" could ever wish to become. In that mass of Italian reactionary literature, priestly pens are mostly employed. Mongini is in orders, Monsignore Tiboni pleads for the secularization of the Bible, Reali is a canon, and the disclosures as well as the sentiments of these men are all inimical to priestcraft, if not actually to the priests. This Free Church party has its newspapers, the *Colonna di Fuoco*, edited by Don L. Zuccaro, which might vie with the imaginary journal of Julio, and they have their cheaper publications, which, in the shape of pamphlets and almanacs, command an enormous sale. The "Almanacco Popolare" is most vigorous against the Jesuits, and, though it is a contraband article in pious families, eighty thousand copies of this book alone were sold in the year 1862.

Having thrown in his lot with the thinkers and politicians of this school, the Abbé *** has the satisfaction of feeling that in his work of reformation in the Gallican Church he is not without examples or without sympathizers. While an angry camarilla classes him with Renan, men of cool judgment see that his place is with Cavour and with Azeglio, with Passaglia, if not with the earlier reformers. But, as the Free Church of Italy has refused to sympathize with the Waldensian communities, so the Abbé *** shows no leaning to any Protestant Church, and, indeed, he seems inclined to do Protestantism less than justice where he says, "The Reformation has been barren of religious results. By its old Catholicism was overthrown, but it has not made one Christian the more; and in the Reformed churches, quite as much as in the lands of prelates and monks, life is dying out in that state of atonic scepticism which has become the complaint of souls disgusted with the old forms in which the gospel was wrapped during the Middle Ages." A better acquaintance with the shape which religious controversy has assumed in our country would, we think, induce the Abbé *** to alter this sentence, which, however much or little it may apply to the Protestant schools of Germany, is wholly inappropriate to the freedom of inquiry and earnestness of thought which will make this epoch memorable in our own church. There is no doubt but that the long-existing antagonism between the Church of Rome and the Reformed bodies, as well as the narrow peculiarities which sectarians exhibit in every country, have indisposed men like this unknown abbé to claim religious kinship with Protestants, however much they may be satisfied with the intellectual results of our Reformation.

A review of the books before us would be incomplete unless we gave our readers a precise account of the direction which this movement has taken in France, and of the hopes and dreams of its directors. We give the author's own words, where he describes his ideal church of the future, prepared for no separation and no schism, but desiring the work to be begun and carried out by every hearth, as loyally and as effectually as in the temples and by the altar. He has spoken of the contradictions and sufferings experienced by contraitened Catholics, of Lacordaire, of M. de Lamennais, of the brothers Allignol,

of the curate Dagomer, and of others who have combated the Ultramontane and perverse tyranny of the day (contradictions which are not wholly unknown, we may believe, to such men as Count Montalembert, the Prince de Broglie, and Sir John Acton), and yet he encourages Catholics of this calibre to hope :—

"The salvation of the church must come from this party, which, being moderate and full of faith, wise and intelligent, knows that it must not follow in the path of folly, theocracy, and mysticism. . . These are the believers of the church of the future; they are its embryos. They form the elementary church, as the grain of mustard seed has in it the life of the tree which is to come from it, complete in roots, trunk, and branches.

"These are the peaceful initiators of a new order.

"But these are the hard conditions of their apostleship :—

"To remain in the visible church; to belong to her soul, to the best part of her, to her real life. To accept of her worship as it is at present (since worship is transformable in its nature, and may be modified by time, till it return to the simplicity of primitive ages)

"Never to break with Rome or with episcopacy. This is the capital point. Popes and bishops sit in the chair of Peter, as the princes among priests sat in the days of the synagogue in the chair of Moses. They must be loved and respected; for an immense number of these men of the old church are men of virtue, and it is among them that the new church must find her apostles.

"To separate ourselves plainly and openly from the fanatical Ultramontane sect; to unmask its dangerous, anti-evangelical spirit; to break formally with these Pharisees of the latter days, who are the curse of Christian society, because they discredit Christianity, and render it odious to simple people who are not hostile, but indifferent to the grand doctrines of the gospel.

"To stigmatize these hypocrites of the new Law, to show them, like their fathers of the old Law, paying their tithe of mint and cummin, and pursuing with implacable hatred the true worshippers of God,—whited sepulchres wearing their rosaries to be seen of men, and to pass for saints.

"This is the new work. It is great and bold, but it is lawful.

"We will have no schism; for schism is isolation, and a loss of strength.

"No heresies; . . . the one which has to be combated is the substitution of *man* for *God*; when we exaggerate the rights granted by Christ to the head of his church.

"To remain invincible in the orthodox Catholic faith; there lies our strength, and we will dogmatize in nothing. . . . We must be impassible and patient.

"We must disabuse the minds of women. . . . Let them know that religion is great, but that the systems of the men who direct them are narrow and dangerous. Let them be saved from a mysticism which is their death, from puerile practices which take up their time, and from the servile submission which tortures their conscience. Much harm has been unwittingly done in the church by women, and they ought to repair it."

Such is the programme of the Abbé * * *. Is it practicable? and if practicable, what would be its results? Assuredly the influence of such reforms would not be religious only. Were such a transformation to become general, it would make a great political movement again imminent in France. The first effect of such teaching and belief would be to convince every Frenchman and woman that he and she are responsible agents; and the first claim of every responsible being is liberty. The French nation has gone through such singular and repeated changes, and has alternated so between tyranny and license,

that it is impossible to say whether, in appreciating this first truth, it would also lay hold of the greater truth by which it is followed; namely, that a sense of collective responsibility is the surest guarantee of order and support of the laws. Our author has observed a more than marked reticence on this head, as if the political liberties of his country were wholly out of his thoughts. He is discreet, but we cannot believe him to be indifferent or ignorant of the civil and social result if his religious hopes should be realized. To what extent he is ever to be gratified is a grave as well as a curious question, and being himself without data, he must be content to wait for the answer. *That* is hid, he says, and "is the secret of God,"—"but *this*," he adds, "is no secret,—that the human mind will conquer, for it will not let itself be taken in the webs of theocracy; and that *caste* must give way which is now so powerful, and which, with a cunning long unperceived by the masses, has interwoven its personal interests with those of religion. It must perish, but this shall endure, even the truth as revealed in the gospel, which fadeth not away."

The great age of the world is deduced from the age of trees, by Mr. Harland Coultas, lecturer at the Charing Cross Hospital. In an article in the *Popular Science Review*, Mr. Coultas says,—

"There are trees now in England whose great age cannot be doubted,—oaks, which were planted before the time of the Norman invasion, and which are therefore more than eight hundred years old. The yew-trees (*Taxus baccata*) are still older. One still growing at Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, was examined by Penman in 1770, and was then more than twelve hundred years old; and another, in the churchyard of Braburn in Kent, according to the measurement of Evelyn, in 1660, had then attained an age of 2,880 years, and consequently is now more than three thousand years old. Now we know from experience that the same specific forms of herbaceous plants have been continued for several generations. Apply this to ligneous species, such as the oak and the yew, and suppose these old English oaks and yews to have been preceded by only twenty generations of the same

species,—and why should we not?—and you get for the oak form an antiquity of sixteen thousand years. But if our readers hesitate to accept this, then we must remind them of those famous foreign trees, the mammoth pines of California and the Baobab of Africa, which are known to have been in existence for several thousand years. If we limit the number of preceding generations of these trees to only four, then the prior existence of the species must be immediately dated back twelve thousand years for the California pines, and for the Baobab, which is upwards of five thousand years old, twenty thousand years!

"THERE are now," says the *Union*, "in France 6 cardinals, 15 archbishops, 69 bishops, 155 vicars-general, 660 canons, 3,396 curés, 29,630 officiating priests, 10,000 supernumerary ditto, 30,000 seminarists, and 50,000 persons belonging to different religious orders."

PART XI.—CHAPTER XXXII.

THE fatigue of sight-seeing, wound up by a frantic rush to the railway to be in time for the train, which after all was a train quite at leisure, as most passengers are in Italy, was too much for the early budding of Colin's strength, and laid him up for a day or two, as was only natural, an occurrence which had a curious effect upon the little household. To Lauderdale it was a temporary return into those mists of despair which, partly produced by the philosopher's own sad experience, had made him at first come to so abrupt a conclusion touching Colin's chances of life. When he saw him once more prostrated, Lauderdale's patience and courage alike gave way. He became like a man in a sinking ship, who has not composure to await the end which is naturally at hand, but flings himself into the sea to meet it. He talked wildly of going home, and bitterly of the utter privation of comfort to which his invalid was exposed; and his heart was closed for the moment even to the approaches of Alice. "If it hadna been for you!" he said within his clinched teeth, turning away from her, and was not safe to speak for the moment. But, oddly enough, the effect of Colin's illness upon the others was of an entirely different character. Instead of distressing Meredith and his sister, it produced, by some wonderful subtle action which we do not pretend to explain, an exhilarating effect upon them. It seemed to prove, somehow, to Alice especially, that illness was a general evil distributed over all the world; that it was a usual thing for young men to be reduced to weakness and obliged to be careful of themselves. "Mr. Campbell, you see, is just the same as Arthur. It is a great deal commoner than one thinks," the poor little girl said to Sora Antonia, who had charge of the house; and though her feelings towards Colin were of the most benevolent and even affectionate description, this thought was a sensible consolation to her. Meredith regarded the matter from a different point of view. "I have always hoped that he was one of the chosen," the invalid said, when he heard of Colin's illness; "but I found that God was leaving him alone. We always judge his ways prematurely even when we least intend it. We ought to thank God that our dear friend is feeling his hand, and is

subject to chastisements which may lead him to Christ."

"Callant," said Lauderdale, fiercely, "speak of things ye understand; it's not for you to interfere between a man and his Maker. A soul more like Him of whom you dare to speak never came out of the Almighty's hands. Do you think God is like a restless woman and never can be done meddling?" said Colin's guardian, betrayed out of his usual self-restraint; but his own heart was trembling for his charge, and he had not composure enough to watch over his words. As for the sick man, whose own malady went steadily on without any great pauses or sudden increase, he lifted his dying eyes and addressed himself eagerly, as he was wont, to his usual argument.

"If any man can understand it, I should," said Meredith. "Can I not trace the way by which he has led *me*?—a hard way to flesh and blood. Can I not see how he has driven me from one stronghold after another, leaving me no refuge but in Christ? And, such being the case, can you wonder that I should wish the same discipline to my friend? The only thing I should fear for myself is restoration to health; and are you surprised that I should fear it for him?"

"I am not surprised at anything but my ain idiocy in having any hand in the matter," said Lauderdale, and he went away abruptly to Colin's room with a horrible sense of calamity and helplessness. There was something in the invalid's confident explanation of God's dealings which drove him half frantic, and filled him with an unreasonable panic. Perhaps it was true; perhaps those lightnings in the clouds had been but momentary—a false hope. When, however, with his agitation so painfully compressed and kept under that it produced a morose expression upon his grave face, he went into Colin's room, he found his patient sitting up in bed, with his great-coat over his shoulders, writing with a pencil on the fly-leaf of the book which his faithful attendant had given him to "keep him quiet."

"Never mind," said the disorderly invalid. "I am all right, Lauderdale. Give us pen and ink, like a kind soul. You don't imagine I am ill, surely, because I am lazy after last night?"

"I've given up imagining anything on the

subject," said Colin's grim guardian. "When a man in his senses sets up house with a parcel of lunatics, it's easy to divine what will come of it. Lie down in your bed and keep quiet, and get well again; or else get up," said Lauderdale, giving vent to a sharp, acrid sound, as if he had gnashed his teeth, "and let us be done with it all, and go home."

At this Colin opened his quiet brown eyes, which were as far from being anxious or depressed as could well be conceived, and laughed softly in his companion's face.

"This comes of Meredith's talk, I suppose," he said; "and of course it has been about me, or it would not have riled you. How often have you told me that you understood the state of mind which produced all that? He is very good at the bottom, Lauderdale," said Colin. "There's a good fellow, give me my little writing-case. I want to write it out."

"You want to write what out?" asked Lauderdale. "Some of your nonsense verses? I'll give you no writing-case. Lie down in your bed and keep yourself warm. You're awfu' fond of looking at your ain productions. I've no doubt it's terrible rubbish if a man could read it. Let's see the thing. Do you think a parcel of verses in that halting 'In Memoriam' metre—I'm no saying anything against 'In Memoriam'; but if I set up for a poet, I would make a measure for myself—is worth an illness? and the cold of this wretched place is enough to kill any rational man. Eétaly! I wouldna send a dog here, to be perished with cold and hunger. Dq what I tell you, callant, and lie down. It shows an awfu' poverty of invention, that desire to copy everything out."

"Stuff!" said Colin; "you don't suppose it is for myself. I want to give it to somebody," said the young man, with a conscious smile. And to look at him with his countenance all aglow, pleasure and fun and affection brightening the eyes which shone still with the gentle commotion of thoughts terminating in that writing of verses, it was hard to consider him a man whom God for a solemn purpose had weighted with affliction,—as he had appeared in Meredith's eyes. Rather he looked, what he was, one of God's most joyful and gifted creatures; glad without knowing why,—glad because the sweet imaginations of youth had possession of him,

and filled heaven and earth with brave apparitions. Love and curiosity had introduced into the heart of Lauderdale, as far as Colin was concerned, a certain feminine element, and he laughed unsteadily out of a poignant thrill of relief and consolation, as he took the book from his patient's hands.

"He's no a callant that can do without an audience," said Lauderdale; "and, seeing it's poetry that's in question, no doubt it's a female audience that's contemplated. You may spare yourself the trouble, Colin. She's bonnie, and she's good; and I'm no free to say that I don't like her all the better for caring for none of these things; but I see no token that she'll ever get beyond Watts's hymns all her days. You needna trouble your head about writing out things for her."

Upon which Colin reddened a little, and said "stuff!" and made a long grasp at the writing-case; which exertion cost him a fit of coughing. Lauderdale sat in the room gloomily enough all day, asking himself whether the color was hectic that brightened Colin's cheeks, and listening to the sound of his breathing and the ring of his voice with indescribable pangs of anxiety. When evening came, the watcher had considerably more fever than the patient, and turned his eyes abroad over the Campagna, with a gaze which saw nothing glorious in the scene. At that moment the sun going down in grandeur over the misty distance, which was Rome—the wonderful belts and centres of color in the vault of sky which covered in that melancholy waste with its specks of ruin—were nothing in Lauderdale's eyes in comparison with the vision that haunted him of a cosy, homely room in a Scotch farmhouse, full of warm glimmers of firelight and hearth comforts. "He would mend if he were but at home," he said to himself, almost with bitterness, turning his eyes from the landscape without, to which he was indifferent, to the bare white stony walls within. He was so cold sitting there,—he who was well and strong,—that he had put on his great-coat. And it was for this he had brought the youth whom he loved so far away from those "who belonged to him"! Lauderdale thought with a pang of the mistress and what she would say if she could see the comfortless place to which she had sent her boy. Meanwhile, the patient who caused so much anxiety was for his own part very comfortable, and copied out his

verses with a care that made it very apparent he had no intention of coming to a speedy end, either of life or its enjoyments. He had not written anything for a long time, and the exercise was pleasant to him; and when he had finished, he lay back on his pillows, and took the trouble to remark to Lauderdale upon the decorations of the poor, bare, stony chamber which the philosopher was cursing in his heart. "We are before them in some things," said Colin, reflectively; "but they beat us in a great many. See how simply that effect is obtained,—just a line or two of color, and yet nothing could be more perfect in its way." To which observation Lauderdale responded only by an indescribable growl, which provoked the laughter of his unruly patient. The next observation Colin made was, however, received with greater favor; for he asked plaintively if it were not time for dinner,—a question more soothing to Lauderdale's feelings than volumes of remonstrances. He carried Colin's portion into the room when that meal arrived from the Trattoria, scorning female assistance, and arranging everything with that exquisite uncouth tenderness which, perhaps, only a woman could do full justice to; for the fact is that Colin, though ravenously hungry, and fully disposed to approve of the repast, had a momentary thought that to have been served by the little housekeeper herself, had that been possible, would have been ever so much pleasanter. When the darkness had hushed and covered up the Campagna, and stilled all the village sounds, Lauderdale himself, a little flushed from an address he had just been delivering to Meredith, went in and looked at the sleeping face which was so precious to him, and tortured himself once more with questions whether it might be fever which gave color to the young man's cheek. But Colin, notwithstanding his cold, was breathing full, long breaths, with life in every inspiration, and his friend went not uncomfounded to bed. While Colin lay thus at rest, Meredith had resumed his writing, and was working into his current chapter the conversation which had just taken place. "The worldly man asks if the afflictions of the just are signs of favoritism on God's part," wrote the young author, "and appeals to us whether a happy man is less beloved of his Father than I am who suffer. He virtually contradicts Scripture, and tells

me that the Lord does *not* scourge every one whom he receiveth. But I say, and the Holy Bible says with me, Tremble, O ye who are happy; our troubles are God's tokens of love and mercy to our souls." As he wrote this, the young eyes, which were so soon to close upon life, heightened and expanded with a wonderful glow. His mind was not broad, nor catholic, nor capable of perceiving the manifold diversity of those ways of God which are beyond the comprehension of men. He could not understand how, upon the last and lightest laborer, the Master of the vineyard might bestow the equal hire, and—taking that as the hardest labor which fell to his own share—was bent at least on making up for it by the most supreme compensation. And indeed, it was hard to blame him for claiming, by way of balance to his afflictions, a warmer and closer share in the love of God. At least, that was no vulgar recompense. As for the "worldly man" of Arthur's paragraph, he, too, sat a long while in his chamber, not writing, but pondering,—gazing into the flame of the tall Roman lamp on his table as if some solution of the mysteries in his thoughts were to be found in its smoky light. To identify Lauderdale in this character would have been difficult enough to any one who knew him; yet, to Meredith, he had afforded a perfect example of "carnal reasoning," and the disposition which is according to the flesh and not according to the spirit. This worldly-minded individual sat staring into the lamp, even after his young critic had ceased to write,—revolving things that he could see were about to happen, and things which he dreaded without being able to see; and more than all, wondering over that awful mystery of Providence to which the young invalid gave so easy a solution. "It wouldna be so hard to make out if a man could think he was less loved than his fellows, as they thought langsyne," said Lauderdale to himself, "or more loved, as, twisting certain Scriptures, it's the fashion to say now; but it's awfu' ill to understand such dealings in him that is the Father of all and makes nae favorites. Poor callant! it's like he'll be the first to find the secret out." And as he pondered, he could not restrain a groan over the impending fate which threatened Meredith, and on the complications that were soon to follow. To be sure, he had

nothing particular to do with it, however it might happen; but every kind of Christian tenderness and charity lurked in the heart of the homely Scotch philosopher who stood in Arthur Meredith's last chapter as the impersonation of the worldly man.

Next day Colin reappeared, to the astonishment of the brother and sister. Let us not say to their disappointment; and yet poor little Alice, underneath her congratulations, said to herself with a pang, "He has got well,—they all get well but Arthur;" and when she was aware of the thought, hated herself, and wondered wistfully whether it was because of her wickedness that her prayers for Arthur were not heard. Anxiety and even grief are not the improving influences they are sometimes thought to be,—and it is hard upon human nature to be really thankful for the benefits which God gives to others, passing over one's self. Meredith, who was a sufferer in his own person, could afford to be more generous. He said, "I am glad you are better," with all his heart; and then he added, "The Lord does not mean to leave you alone, Campbell. Though he has spared you, he still continues his warnings. Do not neglect them, I beseech you, my dear friend"—before he returned to his writing. He was occupied now day and night with his "Voice from the Grave." He was less able to walk, less able to talk, than he had been, and now, as the night came fast in which no man can work, was devoting all his time and all his feeble strength to this last message to the world.

It would have been pitiful enough to any indifferent spectator to note the contrast between the sick man's solemn labor apart and the glow of subdued pleasure in Colin's face as he drew his seat in the evening towards the table which Alice had chosen for herself. The great bare room had so much space and so many tables, and there was so large a stock of lamps among the movables of the house, that each of the party had a corner for himself, to which (with his great-coat on or otherwise) he could retire when he chose. The table of Alice was the central point; and as she sat with the tall, antique lamp throwing its primitive unshaded light upon her, still and graceful with her needlework, the sight of her was like that of a supreme *objet de luxe* in the otherwise bare apartment. Perhaps, under due protection and control, the pres-

ence of womankind, thus calm, thus silent,—letting itself, as the old maxim commanded, be seen and not heard,—is to men of sober mind and middle age—such as Lauderdale, for example—the most agreeable ornament with which a room could be provided. Younger individuals might prefer that the tableau should dissolve, and the impersonation of womankind melt into an ordinary woman. Such at heart was the feeling of Colin. She was very sweet to look at; but if she had descended from her pedestal, and talked a little and laughed a little, and even, perhaps—but the idea of anything like flirtation on the part of Alice Meredith was too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment. However, abstracted and preoccupied as she was, she was still a woman, young and pretty, and Colin's voice softened and his eyes brightened as he drew his chair to the other side of the lamp, and looked across the table at her soft, downcast face. "I have something here I want you to look at," said the young poet, who had been used to Matty Frankland's sympathy and curiosity; "not that it is much worth your while; but Lauderdale told you that writing verses was a weakness of mine," he went on, with a youthful blush and smile. As for Alice, she took the paper he gave her, looking a little frightened, and held it for a moment in her hand.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Campbell; am I to read it?" she said, with puzzled, uncertain looks. Naturally enough she was perplexed and even frightened by such an address; for, as Lauderdale said, her knowledge of poetry was confined to hymns, over which hung an awful shadow from "Paradise Lost." She opened Colin's "copy of verses" timorously as she spoke, and glanced at them, and stumbled at his handwriting, which, like most other people's in these scribbling days, was careless and indistinct. "I am sure it is very pretty," faltered Alice, as she got to the end of the page; and then, more timidly still, "What am I to do with it, Mr. Campbell?" asked the poor girl. When she saw the sudden flush that covered his face, Alice's slumbering faculties were wakened up by the sharp shock of having given pain, which was a fault which she had very seldom consciously committed in the course of her innocent life.

Colin was too much a gentleman to lose his temper; but it is impossible to deny that the effort which he had to make to keep it

was a violent one, and required all his manhood. "Keep it if you like it," he said, with a smile which thinly covered his mortification; "or put it in the fire if you don't." He said this as philosophically as was possible under the circumstances. And then he tried a little conversation by way of proving his perfect composure and command of his feelings, during which poor Alice sat fluttered and uncomfortable and self-conscious as she had never been before. Her work was at an end for that night at least. She held Colin's little poem in her hand, and kept her eyes upon it, and tried with all her might to invent something gracious and complimentary which could be said without offence; for, of course, carefully as he imagined himself to have concealed it, and utterly unconscious of the fact as Lauderdale remained, who was watching them, Alice was as entirely aware of the state of Colin's mind and temper at the moment as he was himself. After a while, he got up and went to Meredith's table by the fire; and the two began to talk, as Alice imagined, of matters much too serious and momentous to leave either at leisure to remark her movements. When she saw them thus occupied, she left the room almost stealthily, carrying with her the tall lamp with its four tongues of flame. She set down her light in her own room, when she reached that sanctuary, and once more read and pored over Colin's poem. There was nothing about love in it, and consequently nothing improper or alarming to Alice. It was all about the Pantheon and its vespers, and the echoes in the dome. But then why did he give it to her?—why did he look so much disturbed when she in her surprise and unreadiness hesitated over it? Such an offering was totally new to Alice; but how could she be expected to understand exactly how it ought to be received? But it is impossible to describe how vexed and mortified she was to find she had failed of what was expected of her, and inflicted pain when she might have given pleasure. She had been rude, and to be rude was criminal in her code of manners; and a flutter of other questions, other curiosities, awoke without any will of her own in the young creature's maiden bosom; for, indeed, she was still very young,—not nineteen,—and so preoccupied by one class of thoughts that her mind had been absolutely barred against all others until now. The end was

that she put Colin's poem, not in her bosom—which, indeed, is an inconvenient receptacle, and one not often chosen nowadays even by young ladies,—but into the private pocket of her writing-case, the very innermost of her sanctuaries. "How clever he is!" Alice thought to herself; "how odd that such things should come into any one's head! and to think I had not even the civility to say that it was beautiful poetry!" Then she went back very humbly into the sitting-room, and served Colin with the last cup of tea, which was the most excellent. "For I know you like strong tea, Mr. Campbell," she said, looking at him with appealing eyes. "It feels quite strange to think that we should know you so well,—you who can write such beautiful poetry,"* she managed

* Miss Matty had been so good an audience that Colin at this time of his life was a little spoiled in respect to his poetry, which, however, after all, he did not consider poetry, but only verses, to amuse himself with. The little poem in question, which he had entitled "*Vespers in the Pantheon*," is, for the satisfaction of his friends, given underneath:—

"What voice is in the mighty dome,
Where the blue eye of heaven looks through,
And where the rain falls, and the dew,
In the old heart of Rome?"

"On the vast area below
Are priests in robes of sullied white,
And humble servitors that light
The altars with a glow—

"Pale tapers in the twilight dim,
Poor humble folks that come to say
Their farewell to departing day,
Their darkling faith in *Him*.

"Who rules imperial Rome the last:
The song is shrill and sad below,
With discords harsh of want and woe
Into the music cast.

"But in the mighty vault that bares
Its open heart into the sky
Vague peals of anthem sounding high
Echo the human prayers.

"Oh, solemn shrine! wherein lie dead
The gods of old, the dreams of men,
What voice is this that wakes again
The echoes overhead,

"Pealing aloft the holiest name—
The lowliest name, Rome's ancient scorn—
Now to earth's furthest boundaries borne,
With fame above all fame?"

"Is it some soul whose mortal days
Had known no better God than Jove,

to say later in the evening. "I have always supposed a poet so different."

"With wings, perhaps?" said Colin, who was not displeased even with this simple testimony.

"Oh, no," said Alice, "that is impossible, you know,—but certainly very different; and it was so very kind to think of giving it to me."

Thus she made her peace with the young man; but it is doubtful how far she promoted her own by so doing. It introduced a new element of wonder and curiosity, if nothing more, into her watching life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"It would be a great satisfaction to me," said Lauderdale, "to have some understanding about their relations. There's few folk so lonely in this world but what they have some kin, be they kind or not. It's awfu' to look at that poor bit thing, and think how forlorn she'll be by and by when"—

"When?" said Colin,—"what do you mean? Meredith is not worse, that I can see. Is *that* what you are thinking of?"

"It's an awfu' gradual descent," said Lauderdale; "nae precipices there, and piti-

Though dimly prescient of a love,
Was worthy higher praise?—

"Some soul that late hath seen the Lord:
Some wistful soul, eager to share
The tender trust of Christian prayer,
Though not by wish or word:—

"By homage inarticulate:
Murmurs and thunders of sweet sound:
And great Amens that circle round
Heaven's liberal open gate?

"Great singer, wert thou one of those
Spirits in prison whom He sought,
Soon as his wondrous work was wrought,
Ending all doubts and woes?

"Alone? or comes there here a throng?
Agrippa—he who built the shrine:
And men who groped for the divine
Through lifetimes hard and long.

"Great Romans! to this vault austere
'Tis meet we should return to tell
Of that which was inscrutable,
That God hath made it clear.

"So we, still bound in mortal pain,
Take courage 'neath the echoing dome,
In the dear heart of this sad Rome,
To give you back—Amen!"

ful to behold; but he's making progress on his way. I'm no mistaken, callant; a man like me has seen such sights before. It looks as if it could go on forever, and nae great difference perceptible from day to day, but the wheels a-turning and the thread spinning off, and nobody can say for certain what moment it may break, like glass, and the spinning come to an end. Ay, it's an awfu' mystery. You may break your heart thinking; but you'll come to no solution. I've tried it as much as most men, and should ken;—but that's no the matter under consideration. I would be glad to know something about their friends."

"I don't suppose they have any friends," said Colin, who had by this time forgotten the suggestion of his English acquaintances. "He would never have brought his sister here with him aloo if he had had any one to leave her with,—that is, if he believed, as he says he does, that he was going to die,—which words," said the young man, with a pang of fellow-feeling and natural pity, "are terrible words to say."

"I'm no so sure about either of your propositions," said Lauderdale: "I've very little objection to die, for my part. No to speak of hopes a man has as a Christian,—though I maybe canna see them as clear as that poor callant thinks he does,—it would be an awfu' satisfaction to ken what was the meaning of it all, which is my grand difficulty in this life. And I cannot say I am satisfied, for that matter, that he brought his sister here for want of somebody to leave her with; she's a kind of property that he wouldna like to leave behind. He was not thinking of *her* when they started, but of *himself*; nor can I see that his mind's awakening to any thought of her even now, though he's awfu' anxious, no doubt, about her soul and yours and mine. Whisht! it's temperament, callant. I'm no blaming the poor dying lad. It's hard upon a man if he cannot be permitted to take some bit female creature that belongs to him as far as the grave's mouth. She maun find her way back from there the best way she can. It's human nature, Colin, fora' you look like a glaring lion at me."

"I prefer your ordinary manner of expounding human nature," said Colin. "Don't talk like this; if Miss Meredith is left so really helpless and solitary, at all events, Lauderdale, she can rely on you and me."

"Ay," said the philosopher, shortly; "and grand protectors we would be for the like of her. Two men no her equals in the eye of the world,—I'm no heeding your indignant looks, my freend; I'm a better judge than you of some things,—and one of us no of an age to be over and above trusted. A lad like you can take care of a bit thing like her only in one way; and that's out of the question under present circumstances,—even if either of you were thinking of such vanities, of which I see no sign."

"None whatever," said Colin, with a momentary beat. "She is not in my way; and, besides, she is greatly too much occupied to think of any such vanities, as you say."

"Hallo," said Lauderdale to himself; and he cast a half-amused, suspicious look at his companion, whose face was flushed a little. Colin was thinking only of Alice's want of comprehension and sympathy on the previous night; but the touch of offence and mortification was as evident as if she had been unkind to him in more important particulars.

"Being agreed on that point, it's easier to manage the rest," Lauderdale resumed, with the ghost of a smile; "and I dinna pretend, for my own part, to be a fit guardian for a young leddy. It's a' very well for Telle-machus to wander about the world like this but I'm no qualified to keep watch and ward over the princess. Poor thing!" said the philosopher, "it's awfu' early to begin her troubles; but I would be easy in my mind, comparatively, if we could find out about their friends. She's no so very communicative in that particular; and she has her bit woman's wiles, innocent as she looks. She'll give me no satisfaction, though I'm awfu' cunning in my questions. What was it you silly woman said about some Meredith of some place? I'm no without suspicions in my own mind."

"What sort of suspicions?" said Colin. "She said Meredith of Maltby. I wrote it down somewhere. There was a row about him in the papers—don't you remember—a few years ago."

"Oh, ay, I remember," said Lauderdale; "one of those that consume widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers. The wonder to me is how this callant, if he should happen to be such a man's son, did not take a sickening at religion altogether. That's the consequence in a common mind. It gives

me a higher notion of this poor lad. He has his faults, like most folk I ken," said Lauderdale. "He's awfu' young, which is the chief of all, and it's one that will never mend in his case in this life; but, if he's yon man's son, no to have abandoned a' religion, no to have scorned the very name of preaching and prayer, is a clear token to me that the root of the matter's in him; though he may be a wee unrighteous to his ain flesh and blood,"—the philosopher went on philosophically,—"that's neither here nor there."

"If religion does not make us righteous to our own flesh and blood, what is the good of it?" said Colin. "To care for souls, as you say, but not to care for leaving his sister so helpless and desolate, would be to me as bad as his father's wickedness. Bah! his father!—what am I saying? He is no more his father than the duke is mine. It is only a coincidence of name."

"I'm making no assertions," said Lauderdale. "It may be or it may not be; I'm no saying; but you should aye bear in mind that there's an awfu' difference between practice and theory. To have a good theory—or, if ye like, a grand ideal—o' existence, is about as much as a man can attain to in this world. To put it into full practice is reserved, let us aye hope, for the life to come. However, I wouldna say," said Colin's guardian, changing his tone, "but that kind of practical paradox might run in the blood. Our friend Arthur—poor man!—has no meaning of neglect to his sister. Do no man injustice. Maybe the other had as little intention of cheating them that turned out his victims. An awfu' practical accident like that might be accompanied by a beautiful theory. Just as in the case of his son"—

"Stuff!" said Colin, who thought his friend prosy. "Why will you insist on saying 'his son'? Meredith is not an uncommon name. You might as well say Owen Meredith was his brother."

"There's nothing more likely," said the philosopher, composedly; "brothers aye take different roads, especially when they come out of such a nest."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Colin; "the nest is entirely problematical, and your reasoning is,—Scotch, Scotch to the heart, deductive, and altogether independent of fact. You might as well say, because this is an Italian landscape we are looking at, because

these gray trees are olives, and that plain the Campagna, that it cannot be Prince Charlie who lies down yonder under shelter of that shabby dome. What a sermon it is! I wish I could preach like that when I come to my pulpit; but the burden, I fear, would be,—‘What does it matter? what is the good of laboring and fighting and conquering, winning battles or losing them: Great Hadrian is all dissolved into patches and tatters yonder, and here is Charles Stuart in a stranger’s grave.’ On the whole, it is the man who has failed who has the best of it now. It is odd to think of the perseverance of the race, and how any man ever attempts to do anything. Let us lie down here and dream till we die.”

“It’s awfu’ to be a poet,” said Lauderdale; “the poor callant contemplates more verses. That kind of thing is well enough for bits of laddies at Oxford and Cambridge; but we’ve no Newdigates in our university. Dinna you fash your head about the race. I’m no a man that believes in sermons myself, whether they be from your lips, or from the Campagna. Every man has his own affairs in hand. He’ll pay only a very limited attention either to it or to you; but listen now to what I have got to say.”

What Lauderdale had to say was still upon the subject of which Colin by this time had got tired,—the supposed connection of the brother and sister with the famous, or rather notorious, Meredith of Maltby, who was one of the great leaders of that fashion of swindling so prevalent a few years ago, by means of which directors of banks and joint-stock companies brought so many people to ruin. Of these practitioners Mr. Meredith of Maltby had been one of the most successful. He had passed through one or two disagreeable examinations, it is true, in Insolvent Courts and elsewhere; but he had managed to steer clear of the law, and to retain a comfortable portion of his ill-gotten gains. He was a pious man, who subscribed to all the societies, and had, of course, since these unpleasant accidents occurred, been held up to public admiration by half the newspapers of Great Britain as an instance of the natural effect produced upon the human mind by an assumption of superior piety; and more than one clever leading article, intended to prove that lavish subscriptions to benevolent purposes, and attendance at prayer-

meetings, were the natural evidences of a mind disposed to prey on its fellow-creatures, had been made pointed and emphatic by his name. Lauderdale’s “case” was subtle enough, and showed that he, at least, had not forgotten the hint given in the Pantheon. He told Colin that all his cunning inquiries could elicit no information about the father of the forlorn pair. Their mother was dead, and, as far as she was concerned, Alice was sufficiently communicative; and she had an aunt in India whom Lauderdale knew by heart. “A’ that is so easy to draw out that the other is all the more remarkable,” said the inquisitor; “and it’s awfu’ instructive to see the way she doubles out when I think I’ve got her in a corner,—no saying what’s no true, but fencing like a little Jesuit,—that is, speaking proverbially, and so vouching for my premises, for I ken nothing about Jesuits in my ain person. I would like to be at the bottom of a woman’s notions on such subjects. The way that bit thing will lift up her innocent face, and give me to understand a lee without saying it”—

“Be civil,” interrupted Colin; “a lie is strong language, especially as you have no right whatever to question her so closely.”

“I said nothing about lies,” said Lauderdale; “I say she gives me to understand a lee without saying a word that’s no true, which is not only an awfu’ civil form of expression on my part, but a gift of womanhood that, so far as I ken, is just unparalleled. If it werena instinct, it would be genius. She went so far once as to say, in her bit fine way, that they were not quite happy in a’ their connections: ‘There are some of our friends that Arthur can’t approve of,’ said she, which was enough to make a man laugh, or cry, whichever he might be disposed to. A bonnie judge Autlir is, to be believed in like that. But the end of the whole matter is that I’m convinced the hot-headed callant has carried her off from her home without anybody’s knowledge, and that it’s an angry father you and me will have to answer to when we are left her protectors, as you say.”

“I hope I am not afraid to meet anybody when I have justice on my side,” said Colin, loftily. “She is nothing more to me than any other helpless woman; but I will do my best to take care of her against any man whatsoever, if she is trusted to me.”

Lauderdale laughed with mingled exasperation and amusement. "Bravo," he said; "the like of that's grand talking; but I'll have no hand for my part, in aiding and abetting domestic treason. I'm far from easy in my mind on the subject altogether. It's ill to vex a dying man, but it is worse to let a spirit go out of the world with guilt on its head: I'm in an awful difficulty whether to speak to him or no. If you would but come down off your high horse and give me a little assistance. It's a braw business, také it all together. A young woman, both bonnie and good, but abject to what her brother bids her even now when he's living, and us two single men, with nae justification for meddling, and an indignant father, no doubt, to make an account to. It's no a position I admire for my part."

"It was I that drew you into it," said Colin, with some resentment. "After all, they were my friends to begin with. Don't let me bring you into a responsibility which is properly mine."

"Ay, ay," said Lauderdale, calmly, "that's aye the way with you callants. If a man sees a difficulty in anything concerning you, off you fling, and will have no more to do with him. I'm no one to be dismissed in that fashion,—no to say that it would be more becoming to consider the difficulty, like reasonable creatures, and make up our minds how it is to be met."

"I beg your pardon," said Colin, repentant; "only, to be sure, the imprudence, if there was any imprudence, was mine. But it is hard to be talking in this manner, as if all were over, while Meredith lives, poor fellow. Such invalids live forever sometimes. There he is, for a miracle, riding! When summer comes, he may be all right."

"Ay," said Lauderdale, "I make no doubt of that; but no in your way. He'll be better off when summer comes." Meredith turned a corner close upon them as he spoke. He was riding, it is true, but only on a mule, jogging along at a funeral pace, with Alice walking by his side. He smiled when he met them; but the smile was accompanied by a momentary flush, as of shame or pain.

"The last step but one," he said. "I have given up walking forever. I did not think I should ever have come to this; but my spirit is proud, and needs to be mortified. Campbell, come here. It is long since we have had any conversation. I thought God

was dealing with your soul when I last talked to you. Tell me, if you were as far gone as I am,—if you were reduced to *this*,"—and the sick man laid his thin white hand upon the neck of the animal he was riding,—"what consolation would you have to keep you from sinking? It may come sooner than you think."

"It is not easy to imagine how one would conduct one's self under such circumstances," said Colin; "let us talk of something else. If it were coming,—and it may be, for anything I can tell,—I think I should prefer not to give it too much importance. Look at that low blaze of sunshine, how it catches St. Peter's. These sunsets are like dramas; but nobody plans the grouping beforehand," said the young man, with an involuntary allusion which he was sorry for the next moment, but could not recall.

"That is an unkind speech," said Meredith; "but I forgive you. If I could plan the grouping, as you say, I should like to collect all the world to see me die. Heathens, Papists, Mahometans, Christians of every description,—I would call them to see with what confidence a Christian could traverse the dark valley knowing Him who can sustain, and who has preceded him there."

"Yes, that was Addison's idea; but his was an age when people did things for effect," said Colin; "and everything I have heard makes me believe that people generally die very composedly upon the whole. We who have all possible assurances and consolations are not superior in that respect to the ignorant and stupid,—scarcely even to the wicked. Either people have an infinite confidence in themselves and their good fortune, or else absolute faith in God is a great deal more general than you think it. I should like to believe that last was the case. Pardon me for what I said. You who realize so strongly what you are going to should certainly die, when that time comes, a glorious and joyful death."

At these words a cloud passed over the eager, hectic countenance which Meredith had turned to his friend. "Ah, you don't know," he said, with a sudden depression which Colin had never seen in him before. "Sometimes God sees fit to abandon his servants even in that hour; what, if after preaching to others I should myself be a castaway?" This conversation was going on while Alice talked to

Lauderdale of the housekeeping, and how the man at the Trattoria had charged a scudo too much in the last weekly bill.

"Meredith," said Colin, laying his hand on his friend's arm, and forgetting all the discussion with Lauderdale which had occupied the afternoon, "when you say such words as Father and Saviour, you put some meaning in them; do you not? You don't think it depends upon how you feel to-day or to-morrow whether God will stand by his children or not? I don't believe in the cast-away as you understand it."

"Ah, my dear friend, I am afraid you don't believe in any castaways; don't fall into that deadly error and snare of the devil," said the sick man.

"We must not discuss mysteries," said Colin. "There are men for whom no punishment is bad enough, and whom no amount of mercy seems to benefit. I don't know what is to become of them. For my own part, I prefer not to inquire. But this I *know*, that my father, much less my mother, would not altogether abandon their son for any crime; and does not God love us better than our fathers and our mothers?" said Colin, with a moisture gathering in his brown eyes and brightening his smile. As for Meredith, he snatched his hand away, and pushed forward with a feverish impulse. A sound, half sigh, half groan, burst from him, and Colin could see that this inarticulate complaint had private references of which he knew nothing. Then Lauderdale's suggestion returned to his mind with singular force; but it was not a time to make any inquiries, even if such had been possible. Instinctively, without knowing it, Meredith turned from that subject to the only other which could mutually interest men so unlike each other: and what he said betrayed distinctly enough what had been the tenor of his thoughts.

"*She has no mother,*" said Meredith, with a little wave of his hand towards his sister. "Poor Alice! But I have no doubt God has gracious purposes towards her," he continued, recovering himself. "*This is in the family, and I don't doubt she will follow me soon.*"

It was thus he disposed of the matter which for the strangers, to whose care he was about to leave her, was a matter of so much anxious thought.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AFTER this Meredith's malady made gradual but rapid progress. When Colin and his friend returned from Rome in the evening, after their expeditions there, they imagined themselves to be conscious of a difference in his looks even from the morning. He ceased to move about; he ceased to go out; finally, he ceased to get up from his bed. All these changes were accomplished very gradually, with a heartbreaking regularity of succession. Alice, who was constantly engaged about him, doing every kind of office for him, was fortunately too much occupied to take full recognizance of that remorseless progress of decay; but the two friends who watched it with eyes less urgent than those of love, yet almost more painfully pitiful, could trace all the little advances of the malady. Then there came the time, the last stage of all, when it was necessary to sit up with him all night,—an office which Colin and Lauderdale shared between them, to let the poor little sister have a little reluctant rest. The season had warmed into May, of all seasons the sweetest in Italy. To see the sun shine, it seemed impossible to think that it would not shine forever; and when the window of the sick-room was opened in the early morning, such a breath of life and happiness came in—such a sweet gust of air, wild from the great breadth of the Campagna, breathing of dews and blossoms—as felt to Colin's lips like an elixir of life. But that breathing balm imparted no refreshment to the dying man. He was not suffering much; he was only weary to the bottom of his soul,—languid and yet restless, eager to be moved, yet unable to bear any motion. While little Alice withdrew behind them for a chance moment to shed the tears that kept always gathering, and say a prayer in her heart for her dying brother,—a prayer in which, with a child's simplicity, she still left room for his restoration, and called it possible,—the two others watched with the profoundest interest that which was not only the dying of a friend, but the waning of a life. To see him so individual and characteristic, with all the notable features and even faults of his mind as distinct and apparent as if he had been in the strongest health, and yet so near the end, was the strangest spectacle. What was it the end of? He directed them all from his death-bed, and,

indeed, controlled them all with a will stronger than ever before, securing his own way in face of all their remonstrances, and, indeed, seemed to grow more and more strong, absolute, and important, as he approached the final stage of weakness, which is a sight always wonderful to see. He kept on writing his book, propped up upon pillows, as long as he had strength enough to hold the pen; but when that power, too, failed him, the unyielding soul coerced itself into accepting the pen of another, and dictated the last chapter, at which Alice labored during the day, and which occasionally, to beguile the tedium of the long night-watches, his other attendants were permitted to carry on. The nights grew shorter and shorter as the season advanced, and sometimes it was by the lovely light of the dawning morning, instead of the glimmer of the lamp, that these scattered sentences were written. At other moments, when the patient could not sleep, but was content to rest, wonderful scraps of conversation went on in that chamber of death. Meredith lay gaunt and wasted among his pillows,—his great eyes filling the room, as the spectators sometimes thought; and by his bedside sometimes the gigantic figure of Lauderdale, dimly visible by means of the faint night-light,—sometimes Colin's young softened face and air of tender compassion. It did not occur to any of the three to ask by what right they came together in relations so near and sacred. The sick man's brothers, had he possessed them, could not have watched him with more care, or with less doubt about his right to all their ministrations; but they talked with him as perhaps no brother could have talked,—recognizing the reality of his position, and even discussing it as a matter in which they, too, had the profoundest interest. The room was bare enough, and contained little comfort to English eyes,—uncarpeted, with bare tiles underneath the feet, and scantily furnished with an old sofa, a chair or two, and a table. There were two windows, which looked out upon that Campagna which the dying man was to see no more, nor cared to see. But that great living picture, of no benefit to him, was the only one there; for poor Meredith had himself caused to be taken down from the wall a print of the Madonna, and the little cross with its basin for holy water underneath, which had hung at the head of his bed. He

had even sent away a picture of the Crucifixion,—a bad, yet not unimpressive copy. "I want no outward symbols," said the sick man; "there will be none where I am going," and this was the beginning of one of those strange talks by night.

"It's awfu' difficult to ken," said Lauderdale. "For my part it's a great wonder to me that there has never been any revelation worthy of credit out of that darkness. That poor fellow Dives, in the parable, is the only man I mind of that takes a Christian view of the subject. He would have sent one to tell. The miracle is, that nae man was ever permitted to come."

"Don't say so," said Meredith. "Oh, my dear friend! if you could but know the joy it would give me to bring you to Christ before I die,—to see you accept and receive him. Has not he come to seek and to save?"

"Callant," said the watcher, with a long-drawn breath, "I've longer acquaintance with him than you can have; and if I didna believe in him, I would hang myself, and get to an explanation of all things. If it was not for him, wherefore should I, that have nobody dependent on me, endure the mystery? But that's no answer to my question. He came to put a meaning to the world that has little enough signification without him, but no to answer a' questions that a human spirit can put to heaven and earth. I've heard of bargains made between them that were to die and them that had to live."

"You put it in a strange way, Lauderdale," said the dying man; "most people would say, those who had to die. But what can any one want beyond what is revealed,—Jerusalem the golden? How strange it is to think that a worm like me shall so soon be treading those shining streets, while you,—you whom the world thinks so much better off"—

"Whisht," said Lauderdale, with a husky voice. "Do you no think it would be an awfu' satisfaction to us that stay behind if we could have but a glint of the shining streets you speak of? Many a long day we'll strain our eyes and try hard to see you there; but a' to little purpose. I'm no saying I would not take it on trust for myself, and be content with what God pleased; but it's hard to part with them that belong to us, and ken nothing about them,—where they are, or how they are."

"They are in heaven! If they were children of God, they are with him," said the sick man, anxiously. "Lauderdale, I can not bear to think that you do not believe,—that perhaps I may not meet you there."

"Maybe no," said the philosopher; "there's the awfu' question. A man might go ranging about the shining streets (as you say) forever, and never find them that belonged to him; or, if there's no geographical limits, there may be others harder to pass. It's awfu' little comfort I can get for my own mind out of shining streets. How am I to picture you to myself, callant, when I take thoughts of you? I have the fancy in my mind to give you messages to friends I have away yonder; but how can I tell if you'll ever see them? It's no a question of believing or not believing. I put little faith in Milton, and none in the good books, from which two sources we draw a great part of our talk about heaven. It's no even to ken if they're happy or no happy that troubles me. I've nae hesitation to speak of in leaving that in God's hand. It's but to have an inkling ever so slight where ye are, and how you are," said Lauderdale, unconsciously changing his pronouns, "and that ye keep thought of us that spend so many thoughts on you."

After this there was a little pause, which fell into the perfect stillness of the night outside, and held the little dim-lighted chamber in the midst of all the darkness, like the picture of a shadowy "interior," with two motionless figures, the living and the dying, painted upon the great gloom of night. Meredith, who, notwithstanding the superior intensity of his own thoughts, had been moved by Lauderdale's,—and who, used as he was to think himself dying, yet perhaps heard himself thus unconsciously reckoned among the dead with a momentary thrill,—was the first to speak.

"In all this I find you too vague," said the patient. "You speak about heaven as if you were uncertain only of its aspect; you have no anxiety about the way to get there. My friend, you are very good to me,—you are excellent, so far as this world goes; I know you are. But, oh, Lauderdale, think! Our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. Before you speculate about heaven, ask yourself are you sure to get there!"

"Ay," said Lauderdale, vaguely, "it's

maybe a wee like the question of the Sadducees,—I'm no saying; and it's awfu', the dead blank of wisdom and knowledge that's put forth for a response,—no any information to you; nothing but a quenching of your flippant questions and impudent pretensions. No marrying nor giving in marriage there, and the curious fools baffled, but nae light thrown upon the darkness! I'll have to wait like other folk for my answer; but, if it's according to your new nature and faculties,—which surely it must be,—you'll not forget to give us a thought at times. If you feel a wee lonely at the first,—I'm no profane, callant; you're but a man when a's done, or rather a laddie, and you'll surely miss your friends,—dinna forget how long and how often we'll think of you."

"Shall you?" said the dying man. "I have given you nothing but trouble ever since I knew you, and it is more than I deserve. But there is One who is worthy of all your thoughts. When you think of me, oh, love him, my dear friend, and so there will be a bond between us still."

"Ay," said Lauderdale once more. It was a word he used when his voice could not be trusted, and his heart was full. "Ay," he repeated, after a long pause, "I'll no neglect that grand bond. It's a bargain between you and me no to be broken. If ye were free for such an act, it would be awfu' friendly to bring me word how things are," he continued, in a low tone, "though it's folly to ask; for if it had been possible it would have been done before now."

"It is God who must teach and not me," said the dying man. "He has other instruments,—and you must seek him for yourself, and let him reveal his will to you. If you are faithful to God's service, he will relieve you of your doubts," said Arthur, who did not understand his friend's mind, but even at that solemn moment looked at him with a perplexed mixture of disapproval and compassion. And thus the silence fell again like a curtain over the room, and once more it became a picture faintly painted on the darkness, faintly relieved and lighted up by touches of growing light, till at length the morning came in full and fair, finding out, as with a sudden surprise, the ghostly face on the pillow, with its great eyes closed in disturbed sleep, and by the bedside another face scarcely less motionless,—the face of the man

who was no unbeliever, but whose heart longed to know and see what others were content in vague generalities to tell of, and say they believed.

This was one of the conversations held in the dead of night in Meredith's room. Next evening it was Colin, reluctantly permitted by his faithful guardian to share this labor, who took the watcher's place; and then the two young men, who were so near of an age, but whose prospects were so strongly different, talked to each other after a different fashion. Both on the brink of the world, and with incalculable futures before them, it was natural they should discuss the objects and purposes of life, upon which Meredith, who thought himself matured by death, had, as he imagined, so much advantage over his friend, who was not going to die.

"I remember once thinking as you do," said the dying man. "The world looked so beautiful! No man ever loved its vanities and its pomp more than I. I shudder sometimes to think what would become of me if God had left me to myself; but he was more merciful. I see things in their true light now."

"You will have a great advantage over me," said Colin, trying to smile; "for you will always know the nature of my occupations, while yours will be a mystery to me. But we can be friends all the same. As for me, I shall not have many pomps and vanities to distract me,—a poor man's son; and a Scotch minister does not fall in the way of such temptations."

"There are temptations to worldliness in every sphere," said Meredith. "You once spoke eagerly about going to Oxford and taking honors. My dear friend, trust a dying man. There are no honors worth thinking of but the crown and the palm, which Christ bestows on them that love him."

"Yes," said Colin; "but we are not all chosen for these. If I have to live, I must qualify myself the best I can for my work. I should like to be of a little use to Scotland, if that were possible. When I hear the poor people here singing their vespers"—

"Ah, Campbell! one word—let me speak," said his friend. "Alice showed me the poem you had given her. You don't mean it, I know; but let me beg you not to utter such sentiments. You seem to consent to the doc-

trine of purgatory, one of the worst delusions of the Church of Rome. There are no spirits in prison, my dear, dear friend. When I leave you, I shall be with my Saviour. Don't give your countenance to such inventions of the devil."

"That was not what I intended to say," said Colin, who had no heart for argument. "I meant that to see the habit of devotion of all these people, whom we call so ignorant, and to remember how little we have of that among our own people, whom we consider enlightened, goes to my heart. I should like to do a priest's duty."

"Again!" said Meredith. "Dear Campbell, you will be a minister; there is but one great High Priest."

"Yes," said Colin, "most true, and the greatest of all consolations. But yet I believe in priests inferior,—priests who need be nothing more than men. I am not so much for teaching as you are, you know; I have so little to teach any man. With you who are going to the Fount of all knowledge it will be different. I can conceive, I can imagine, how magnificent may be *your* work," the young man said, with his voice faltering, as he laid his warm young hand upon the fingers which were almost dead.

Meredith closed his hand upon that of his friend, and looked at him with his eyes so clear and awful, enlarged and lighted up with the prescience of what was to come. "If you do your work faithfully, it will be the same work," he said. "Our Master alone knows the particulars. If I might have perhaps to supplement and complete what you do on earth!—Ah, but I must not be tempted into vain speculations! Enough that I shall know his will and see him as he is. I desire no more."

"Amen," said Colin; "and when you are in your new career, think of me sometimes, worried, and vexed as I know I shall be. We shall not be able to communicate then; but I know now beforehand what I shall have to go through. You don't know Scotland, Meredith. A man who tries any new reformation in the church will have to fight for trifles of detail which are not worth fighting for, and perhaps get both himself and his work degraded in consequence. You will know no such cares. Think of me sometimes when you are doing your work 'with

thunders of acclaim.' I wonder—but you would think it a profanity if I said what I was going to say."

"What was it?" said Meredith, who, indeed, would not have been sorry had his friend uttered a profanity which might give him occasion to speak, for perhaps the last time, "faithfully" to his soul.

"I wonder," said Colin, whose voice was low, "whether our Master, who sees us both, though we cannot see each other, might tell you sometimes what your friend was doing. He, too, is a man. I mean no irreverence, Meredith. There were men for whom, above his tenderness for all, he had a special love. I should like to think it. I can know nothing of you; but then I am less likely to forget you, staying behind in this familiar world."

And the two youths again clasped hands, tears filling the eyes of the living one, but no moisture in the clear orbs of him who was about to die.

"Let us be content to leave it all in his hands," said Meredith. "God bless you, Colin, for your love; but think nothing of me,—think of him who is our first and greatest Friend."

And then again came silence and sleep, and the night throbbed silently round the lighted chamber and the human creatures full of thought, and again took place the perennial transformation, the gradual rising of the morning light, the noiseless entrance of the day, finding out, with surprised and awful looks, the face of the dying. This is how the last nights were spent. Down below in the convent there was a good friar, who watched the light in the window, and pondered much in his mind whether he should not go thither with his crucifix, and save the poor young heretic in spite of himself; but the Frate was well aware that the English resented such interruptions, and did better for Arthur; for he carried the thought of him through all his devotions, and muttered under his breath the absolution, with his eyes fixed upon the lighted window, and prayed, if he had any credit in heaven through the compassionate saints, the Blessed Virgin, and by the aid of Him whose image he held up towards the unseen sufferer, that the sins which God's servant had thus remitted on earth might be, even without the knowledge of the penitent, remitted in heaven. Thus

Colin's belief in priests was justified without his knowing it; and perhaps God judged the intercession of Father Francisco more tenderly than poor Arthur would have done. And with these private proceedings, which the world was unaware of, night after night passed on until the night came which was to have no day.

They had all assembled in the room, in which it seemed before morning so great an event was to happen,—all worn and tired out with watching; the evidences of which appeared upon Colin and Alice, though Lauderdale, more used to exertion, wore his usual aspect. As usual, Meredith lay very solemnly in a kind of pathetic youthful state in his bed,—struggling for every breath, yet never forgetting that he lay there before heaven and earth, a monument, as he said, of God's grace, and an example of how a Christian could die. He called Alice, and the others would have withdrawn; but this he would not permit. "We have no secrets to discuss," he said. "I am not able to say much now. Let my last words be for Christ. Alice, you are the last. We have all died of it. It is not very hard; but you cannot die in peace, as I do, unless you give yourself to Christ. These are my last words to my sister. You may not live long; you have not a moment to spare. Give yourself to Christ, my little Alice, and then your death-bed will be as peaceful as mine."

"Yes," said the docile sister, through her sobs, "I will never, never forget what you have said to me. Oh, Arthur, you are going to them all!"

"I am going to God," said the dying man; "I am going to my Lord and Saviour; that is all I desire to think of now."

And there was a momentary breathless pause. She had his hand in both of hers, and was crying with an utter despair and abandonment to which she had never given herself up before. "Oh, Arthur,—papa!" the poor girl said, under her breath. If they had been less interested, or if the stillness had been a degree less intense, the voice was so low that the two other watchers could not have heard her. But the answer was spoken aloud.

"Tell him I forgive him, Alice. I can say so now. Tell him to repent while there is time. If you wish it, you can tell Colin and Lauderdale; they have been brothers to

us. Come here, all of you," said Meredith. "Hear my last words. Nothing is of any importance but the love of Christ. I have tried everything in the world,—its pleasures and its ambitions—and— But everything except Christ is vanity. Come to him while it is called to-day. And now come and kiss me, Alice; for I am going to die."

"Oh, no, Arthur. Oh, Arthur, do not leave me yet!" cried the poor girl. Lauderdale drew her gently away, and signed to Colin to take the place by the bed. He drew her hand through his arm and led her softly into the great empty *salone*, where there was no light except that of the moon, which came in in broad white bars at the side windows. "Whist! it'll no be yet," said the kind guardian who had taken possession of Alice. No mother or lover could have been tenderer with the little forlorn creature in this hour which was the most terrible of all. He made her walk softly about with him, beguiling her awful suspense a little with that movement. "A little more strength, for his sake," said Lauderdale; "another trial—and then nobody shall stop your tears."

It's for his sake; the last thing you can do for him."

And then the poor little sister gave utterance to a bitter cry. "If he would say something kind for papa, I would not care," she said, smothering her painful sobs; and Lauderdale drew her closer on his arm, supporting and soothing her, and led her about, slowly and noiselessly, in the great empty room, lighted with those broad bars of moonlight, waiting till she had regained a little composure to return to the chamber of death.

Meredith lay silent for some time, with his great eyes gazing into the vacancy before him, and the last thrill of fever in his frame. He thought he was thus coming with all his faculties alert and vivid to a direct conscious encounter with the unknown might of death. "Get the book, Colin," he said, with a voice which yet possessed a certain nervous strength; "it is now the time to write the conclusion;" and he dictated with a steady voice the date of his last postscript: "Frascati, Midnight, May 16th.—The last hour of my life!"

PARIS is at present in possession of thirteen different museums, not counting those at the Louvre and at Versailles. Besides the ancient and modern works of sculpture, these rich collections contain the most miscellaneous objects of mediæval art, as well as of Renaissance paintings, drawings, woodcuts, and engravings, Egyptian, American, Celtic, and Roman antiquities. The collection of the Jardin des Plantes, with its cabinet of comparative anatomy, founded by Cuvier, is not included in the above-mentioned number. All these collections are open to the student, as well as the six large public libraries, of which the *Impérial* contains one million volumes and eighty thousand manuscripts; besides these, there exists a number of valuable libraries of the different faculties, for the special branches of study, and of scientific institutions, most of which are open to the student; and those few for which a special permission is necessary, grant it without any difficulties. No wonder that Humboldt wrote to a friend in 1827, who had expressed his surprise at the German scholar having made the French capital his abode, "You are surprised at this? I am certain to find here, in one place, what I should have to look for in Germany in thirty-six places, and then very likely in vain."

DESSICATION OF DEAD BODIES—At the last sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Turin, a highly interesting paper was read on the
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subject of an embalming process invented by Professor Gorini, who had submitted various dead bodies to the examination of a commission appointed by the Academy for that purpose. Professor Gorini's object was to show: 1. That by this method dead bodies may be preserved for the space of about six months in a state of softness and freshness sufficient to fit them for dissection after the lapse of such a period; so that if a dead body, so preserved, be taken for a subject of study, say three months after death, the dissection may be continued for a couple of months longer, without the operators experiencing the slightest inconvenience from cadaveric exhalations, and, what is still more important, without his having any infection to fear in case of his cutting himself inadvertently during dissection, an accident which has caused the death of many an able practitioner. 2. That at the expiration of six months the same dead bodies begin to be mummified, and after a couple of months longer become completely desiccated and hardened, and may continue in that state for an indefinite number of years, until the operator chooses to dissect them; in which case he has only to put them into water for about a fortnight, when they will re-assume the turgid appearance and softness of dead bodies of recent date, and will be found fit for dissection. 3. That Professor Gorini is able to harden dead bodies with such little alteration in their appearance as to enable persons to identify them.—*Galignani*.

466 TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—IN SICKNESS.

TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT—ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

CALM priest of Nature, her maternal hand
Led thee, a reverent child,
To mountain-altars, by the lonely strand,
And through the forest wild.

Haunting her temple, filled with love and awe,
To thy responsive youth
The harmonies of her benignant law
Revealed consoling truth.

Thenceforth, when toiling in the grasp of care
Amid the eager throng,
A votive seer, her greetings thou didst bear,
Her oracles prolong.

The vagrant winds and the far heaving main
Breathed, in thy chastened rhyme,
Their latent music to the soul again,
Above the din of time.

The seasons, at thy call, renewed the spell
That thrilled our better years,
The primal wonder o'er our spirits fell,
And woke the fount of tears.

And Faith's monition, like an organ's strain,
Followed the sea-bird's flight,
The river's bounteous flow, the ripening grain,
And stars' unfathomed light.

In the dank woods and where the meadows gleam,
The lowliest flower that smiled
To wisdom's vigil or to fancy's dream,
Thy gentle thought beguiled.

They win fond glances in the prairies' sweep,
And where the moss-clumps lie,
A welcome find when through the mould they
creep,
A requiem when they die.

Unstained thy song with passion's fitful hues
Or pleasure's reckless breath,
For nature's beauty to thy virgin muse
Was solemnized by death.

O'er life's majestic realm and dread repose,
Entranced with holy calm,
From the rapt soul of boyhood then uprose
The memorable psalm.

And roaming lone beneath the woodland shades,
Thy meditative prayer
In the umbrageous aisles and choral glades
We murmur unaware;

Or track the ages with prophetic cheer,
Lured by thy chant sublime,
Till bigotry and kingcraft disappear
In Freedom's chosen clime,—

While on her ramparts with intrepid mien,
O'er faction's angry sea,

Thy voice proclaims, undaunted and serene,
The watchwords of the free.

Not in vague tones or tricks of verbal art
The pliant and pæan rung :
Thine the clear utterance of an earnest heart,
The limpid Saxon tongue.

Our country's minstrel ! in whose crystal verse
With tranquil joy we trace
Her native glories, and the tale rehearse
Of her primeval race,—

Blest are thy laurels, that unchallenged crown
Worn brow and silver hair,
For truth and manhood consecrate renown,
And her pure triumph share !

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

IN SICKNESS.

THE sabbath-bells ring out upon the air,
Calling God's children to his house of prayer :
Could I but rise and go and meet him there !

I hear the people pass along the street :
Their rustling garments and their churchyard
feet
Make happy music,—murmurous, low, and sweet.

The breath of summer flowers is in my room,—
The scent of lilies, and the faint perfume
Of crimson pinks and roses all abloom ;

And through my open window comes a rush
Of sudden music,—some melodious thrush
Pouring his heart out in one happy gush !

But lovelier far than any bird of spring,
Sweeter than summer's sweetest blossoming,
Thy sacred altars, O my God and King !

Better one day thy holy courts within
Than are a thousand spent in mirthful sin.
Open his gates, that I may enter in !

Nay : these preventing bonds ; this lifted rod ;
These long, long hours of anguish, leaden-shod !
Let me be still, and know that thou art God.

Oh ! teach me—what so slow I am to learn—
That where true spirits for thy presence yearn,
There is thy temple, there thine altars burn.

Believing this, these narrow walls expand
Into cathedral glory, vast and grand,
With fretted dome, and arches overspanned.

Yet need I even these *fancied* signs of thee ?
Dear Lord ! but enter in, and dwell with me ;
Then shall my heart both shrine and temple be.
Fitchburg, Mass. C. A. M.

—*Religious Magazine.*

CHAPTER VII.

WAITING FOR ROSE.

"Not envy sure! for if you gave me
 Leave to take or to refuse
 In earnest, do you think I'd choose
 That sort of new love to enslave me?"
 R. BROWNING.

So, instead of going to Belfast, here was Colonel Keith actually taking a lodging and settling himself into it,—nay, even going over to Avonchester on a horse-buying expedition, not merely for the Temples, but for himself.

This time Rachel did think herself sure of Miss Williams's ear in peace, and came down on her with two fat manuscripts upon Human Reeds and Military Society, prelude, however, by bitter complaints of the *Traveller* for never having vouchsafed her an answer, nor having even restored "Curatocult," though she had written three times, and sent a directed envelope and stamps for the purpose. The paper must be ruined by so discourteous an editor; indeed, she had not been nearly so much interested as usual by the last few numbers. If only she could get her paper back, she should try the *Englishwoman's Journal* or some other paper of more progress than that *Traveller*. "Is it not very hard to feel one's self shut out from the main stream of the work of the world, when one's heart is burning?"

"I think you overrate the satisfaction."

"You can't tell! You are contented with that sort of home peaceful sunshine that I know suffices many. Even intellectual as you are, you can't tell what it is to feel power within, to strain at the leash, and see others in the race."

"I was thinking whether you could not make an acceptable paper on the lace system which you really know so thoroughly."

"The fact is," said Rachel, "it is much more difficult to describe from one's own observation than from other sources."

"But rather more original," said Ermine, quite overcome by the *naïveté* of the confession.

"I don't see that," said Rachel. "It is abstract reasoning from given facts that I aim at, as you will understand when you have heard my 'Human Reeds,' and my other—Dear me, there's your door-bell. I thought that colonel was gone for the day."

"There are other people in the world be-

sides the colonel," Ermine began to say, though she hardly felt as if there were, and at any rate a sense of rescue crossed her. The persons admitted took them equally by surprise, being Conrade Temple and Mr. Keith.

"I thought," said Rachel, as she gave her unwilling hand to the latter, "that you would have been at Avonchester to-day."

"I always get out of the way of horse-dealing. I know no greater bore," he answered.

"Mamma sent me down," Conrade was explaining; "Mr. Keith's uncle found out that he knew Miss Williams,—no that's not it; Miss Williams's uncle found out that Mr. Keith preached a sermon, or something of that sort; so mamma sent me down to show him the way to call upon her; but I need not stay now; need I?"

"After that elegant introduction and lucid explanation, I think you may be excused," returned Alick Keith.

The boy shook Ermine's hand with his soldierly grace, but rather spoiled the effect thereof by his aside, "I wanted to see the toad and the pictures our Miss Williams told me about, but I'll come another time;" and the wink of his black eyes, and significant shrug of his shoulders at Rachel, were irresistible. They all laughed, even Rachel herself, as Ermine, seeing it would be worse to ignore the demonstration, said, "The elements of aunt and boy do not always work together."

"No," said Rachel; "I have never been forgiven for being the first person who tried to keep those boys in order."

"And now," said Ermine, turning to her other visitor, "perhaps I may discover which of us, or of our uncles, preached a sermon."

"Mine, I suspect," returned Mr. Keith. "Your sister and I made out at luncheon that you had known my uncle, Mr. Clare, of Bishops-worthy."

"Mr. Clare! Oh, yes," cried Ermine, eagerly; "he took the duty for one of our curates once for a long vacation. Did you ever hear him speak of Beauchamp?"

"Yes, often; and of Dr. Williams. He will be very much interested to hear of you."

"It was a time I well remember," said Ermine. "He was an Oxford tutor then, and I was about fourteen, just old enough to be delighted to hear clever talk. And his

sermons were memorable; they were the first I ever listened to."

"There are few sermons that it is not an infliction to listen to," began Rachel; but she was not heard or noticed.

"I assure you they are even more striking now in his blindness."

"Blindness! Indeed, I had not heard of that."

Even Rachel listened with interest as the young officer explained that his uncle, whom both he and Miss Williams talked of as a man of note, of whom every one must have heard, had for the last five years been totally blind, but continued to be an active parish priest, visiting regularly, preaching, and taking a share in the service, which he knew by heart. He had, of course, a curate, who lived with him, and took very good care of him.

"No one else?" said Rachel. "I thought your sister lived at Bishopsworthy."

"No, my sister lives, or has lived, at Little Worthy, the next parish, and as unlike it as possible. It has a railroad in it, and the Cockneys have come down on it and 'villafied' it. My aunt, Mrs. Lacy Clare, has lived there ever since my sister has been with her; but now her last daughter is to be married, I fancy she wishes to give up housekeeping."

"And your sister is coming to Lady Temple," said Rachel, in her peculiar affirmative way of asking questions. "She will find it very dull here."

"With all the advantages of Avonchester at hand?" inquired Alick, with a certain gleam under his flaxen eyelashes that convinced Ermine that he said it in mischief. But Rachel drew herself up gravely, and answered,—

"In Lady Temple's situation any such thing would be most inconsistent with good feeling."

"Such as the cathedral?" calmly, not to say sleepily, inquired Alick, to the excessive diversion of Ermine, who saw that Rachel had never been laughed at in her life, and was utterly at a loss what to make of it.

"If you meant the cathedral," she said, a little uncertainly, recollecting the tone in which Mr. Clare had just been spoken of, and thinking that perhaps Miss Keith might be a curatolatress, "I am afraid it is not of much benefit to people living at this distance, and there is not much to be said for the imitation here."

"You will see what my sister says to it."

She only wants training to be the main strength of the Bishopsworthy choir, and perhaps she may find it here."

Rachel was evidently undecided whether chants or marches were Miss Keith's passion, and, perhaps, which propensity would render the young lady the most distasteful to herself. Ermine thought it merciful to divert the attack by mentioning Mr. Clare's love of music, and hoping his curate could gratify it. "No," Mr. Keith said, "it was very unlucky that Mr. Lifford did not know one note from another; so that this vicar could not delude himself into hoping that his playing on his violin was anything but a nuisance to his companion, and in spite of all the curate's persuasions, he only indulged himself therewith on rare occasions." But as Ermine showed surprise at the retention of a companion devoid of this sixth sense, so valuable to the blind, he added, "No one would suit him so well. Mr. Lifford has been with him ever since his sight began to fail, and understands all his ways."

"Yes, that makes a great difference."

"And," pursued the young man, coming to something like life as he talked of his uncle, "though he is not quite all that a companion might be, my uncle says there would be no keeping the living without him, and I do not believe there would, unless my uncle would have me instead."

Ermine laughed and looked interested, not quite knowing what other answer to make. Rachel lifted up her eyebrows in amazement.

"Another advantage," added Alick, who somehow seemed to accept Ermine as one of the family, "is, that he is no impediment to Bessie's living there, for, poor man, he has a wife, but insane."

"Then your sister will live there?" said Rachel. "What an enviable position, to have the control of means of doing good that always falls to the women of a clerical family."

"Tell her so," said the brother, with his odd, suppressed smile.

"What! she does not think so?"

"Now," said Mr. Keith, leaning back, "on my answer depends whether Bessie enters this place with a character for chanting, croquet, or crochet. Which should you like worst, Miss Curtis?"

"I like evasions worst of all," said Rachel, with a flash of something like playful

spirit, though there was too much asperity in it.

"But you see, unfortunately, I don't know," said Aliak Keith, slowly. "I have never been able to find out, nor she either. I don't know what may be the effect of example," he added. Ermine wondered whether he were in mischief or earnest, and suspected a little of both.

"I shall be very happy to show Miss Keith any of my ways," said Rachel, with no doubts at all; "but she will find me terribly impeded here. When does she come?"

"Not for a month or six weeks, when the wedding will be over. It is high time she saw something of her respected guardian."

"The colonel?"

"Yes;" then to Ermine, "Every one turns to him with reliance and confidence. I believe no one in the army received so many last charges as he has done, or executes them more fully."

"And," said Ermine, feeling pleasure color her cheek more deeply than was convenient, "you are relations."

"So far away that only a Scotsman would acknowledge the cousinship."

"But do not you call yourself Scotch?" said Ermine, who had for years thought it glorious to do so.

"My grandfather did, I suppose," said Aliak; "but our branch of the family has lived and died in the —th Highlanders for so many generations that we don't know what a home is out of it. Our birthplaces—yes, and our graves—are in all parts of the world."

"Were you ever in Scotland?"

"Never; and I dread nothing so much as being quartered there. Just imagine the trouble it would be to go over the pedigree of every Keith I met, and to dine with them all upon haggis and sheeps' heads!"

"There's no place I want to see as much as Scotland," said Rachel.

"Oh, yes! young ladies always do."

"It is not for a young-lady reason," said Rachel, bluntly; "I want to understand the principle of diffused education, as there practised. The other places I really should care to see are the Grand Reformatory for the Destitute in Holland, and the Hospital for Cretins in Switzerland."

"Scotch pedants, Dutch thieves, Swiss goitres—I will bear your tastes in mind," said Mr. Keith, rising to take leave.

"Really," said Rachel, when he was gone, "if he had not that silly military tone of joking, there might be something tolerable about him if he got into good hands. He seems to have some good notions about his sister. She must be just out of the school-room, at the very turn of life, and I will try to get her into my training and show her a little of the real beauty and usefulness of the career she has before her. How late he has stayed! I am afraid there is no time for the manuscripts."

And though Ermine was too honest to say she was sorry, Rachel did not miss the regret.

Colonel Keith came the next day, and under his arm was a parcel, which was laid in little Rose's arms, and when unrolled, proved to contain a magnificent wax doll, no doubt long the object of unrequited attachment to many a little Avoncestrian, a creature of beauteous and unmeaning face, limpid eyes, hair that could be brushed, and all her visible members waxen, as far as could be seen below the provisional habiliment of pink paper that enveloped her. Little Rose's color became crimson, and she did not utter a word, while her aunt coloring almost as much, laughed and asked where were her thanks.

"Oh!" with a long gasp, "it can't be for me!"

"Do you think it is for your aunt?" said the colonel.

"Oh, thank you! But such a beautiful creature for me!" said Rose, with another gasp, quite oppressed. "Aunt Ermine, how shall I ever make her clothes nice enough?"

"We will see about that, my dear. Now take her into the verandah and introduce her to Violetta."

"Yes;" then pausing and looking into the fixed eyes, "Aunt Ermine, I never saw such a beauty, except that one the little girl left behind on the bench on the esplanade, when Aunt Ailie said I should be coveting if I went on wishing Violetta was like her."

"I remember," said Ermine. "I have heard enough of that *ne plus ultra* of doll! Indeed, Colip, you have given a great deal of pleasure, where the materials of pleasure are few. No one can guess the delight a doll is to a solitary, imaginative child."

"Thank you," he said, smiling.

"I believe I shall enjoy it as much as Rose," added Ermine, "both for play and as a study. Please turn my chair a little this

way; I want to see the introduction to Violetta. Here comes the beauty, in Rose's own cloak."

Colonel Keith leaned over the back of her chair and silently watched; but the scene was not quite what they expected. Violetta was sitting in her "slantingdicular" position on her chair placed on a bench, and her little mistress knelt down before her, took her in her arms, and began to hug her.

"Violetta, darling, you need not be afraid! There is a new beautiful creature come, and I shall call her Colinette, and we must be very kind to her, because Colonel Keith is so good, and knows your grandpapa; and to tell you a great secret, Violetta, that you must not tell Colinette or anybody, I think he is Aunt Ermine's own true knight."

"Hush!" whispered the colonel, over Ermine's head, as he perceived her about to speak.

"So you must be very good to her, Violetta, and you shall help me make her clothes; but you need not be afraid I ever could love any one half or one quarter as much as you, my own dear child, not if she were ten times as beautiful, and so come and show her to Augustus. She'll never be like you, dear old darling."

"It is a study," said the colonel, as Rose moved off with a doll in either hand,—“a moral that you should take home."

Ermine shook her head, but smiled, saying, "Tell me does your young cousin know?"—

"Alick Keith? Not from me, and Lady Temple is perfectly to be trusted; but I believe his father knew it was for no worse reason that I was made to exchange. But never mind, Ermine, he is a very good fellow, and what is the use of making a secret of what even Violetta knows?"

There was no debating the point, for her desire of secrecy was prompted by the resolution to leave him unbound, whereas his wish for publicity was with the purpose of binding himself, and Ermine was determined that discussion was above all to be avoided, and that she would, after the first explanation, keep the conversation upon other subjects. So she only answered with another reproving look and smile, and said, "And now I am going to make you useful. The editor of the *Traveller* is travelling, and has left his word to me. I have been keeping some letters for him to answer in his own hand, be-

cause mine betrays womanhood; but I have just heard that he is to stay away six weeks more, and people must be put out of their misery before that. Will you copy a few for me? Here is some paper with the office stamp."

"What an important woman you are, Ermine!"

"If you had been in England all this time, you would see how easy the step is into literary work; but you must not betray this for the *Traveller's* sake or Allie's."

"Your writing is not very womanish," said the colonel, as she gave him his task. "Or is this yours? It is not like that of those verses on Malvern Hills that you copied out for me, the only thing you ever gave me."

"I hope it is more to the purpose than it was then, and it has had to learn to write in all sorts of attitudes."

"What's this?" as he went on with the paper; "your manuscript entitled 'Curatocult?' Is that the word? I had taken it for the produce of Miss Curtis's unassisted genius."

"Have you heard her use it?" said Ermine, disconcerted, having by no means intended to betray Rachel.

"Oh, yes! I heard her declaiming on Sunday about what she knows no more about than Conrade! A detestable, pragmatistical, domineering girl! I am thankful that I advised Lady Temple only to take the house for a year. It was right she should see her relations, but she must not be tyrannized over."

"I don't believe she dislikes it."

"She dislikes no one! She used to profess a liking for a huge Irishwoman whose husband had risen from the ranks, the most tremendous woman I ever saw, except Miss Curtis."

"You know they were brought up together like sisters."

"All the worse; for she has the habit of passive submission. If it were the mother, it would be all right, and I should be thankful to see her in good keeping; but the mother and sister go for nothing, and down comes this girl to battle every suggestion with principles picked up from every catchpenny periodical,—things she does not half understand, and enunciates as if no one had even heard of them before."

"I believe she seldom meets any one who

has. I mean to whom they are matters of thought. I really do like her vigor and earnestness."

"Don't say so, Ermine! One reason why she is so intolerable to me, is that she is a grotesque caricature of what you used to be."

"You have hit it! I see why I always liked her, besides that it is pleasant to have any sort of visit, and a good scrimmage is refreshing; she is just what I should have been without papa and Edward to keep me down, or the civilizing atmosphere at the park."

"Never."

"No, I was not her equal in energy and beneficence; and I was younger when you came. But I feel for her longing to be up and doing, and her puzzled chafing against constraint and conventionality, though it breaks out in very odd effervescences."

"Extremely generous of you, when you must be bored to death with her interminable talk."

"You don't appreciate the pleasure of variety! Besides, she really interests me, she is so full of vigorous crudities. I believe all that is unpleasing in her arises from her being considered as the clever woman of the family, having no man nearly connected enough to keep her in check, and living in society that does not fairly meet her. I want you to talk to her, and take her in hand."

"Me! I thank you, Ermine! Why, I could not even stand her talking to me about you, though she has the one grace of valuing you."

"Then you ought in common gratitude; for there is no little greatness of soul in patiently coming down to Mackarel Lane to be snubbed by one's cousin's governess's sister!"

"If you will come up to Myrtlewood, you don't know what you may do."

"No, you are to set no more people upon me, though Lady Temple's eyes are very wistful."

"I did not think you would have held out against her."

"Not when I had against you? No, indeed, though I never did see anybody more winning than she is in that meek, submissive gentleness! Alison says she has cheered up and grown like another creature since your arrival."

"And Alexander Keith's. Yes, poor

thing, we have brought something of her own old world, where she was a sort of little queen in her way. It is too much to ask me to have patience with these relations, Ermine. If you could see the change from the petted creature she was with her mother and husband, almost always the first lady in the place, and latterly with a colonial court of her own, and now, ordered about, advised, domineered over, made nobody of, and taking it as meekly and sweetly as if she were grateful for it! I verily believe she is! But she certainly ought to come away."

"I am not so sure of that. It seems to me rather a dangerous responsibility to take her away from her own relations, unless there were any with equal claims."

"They are her only relations, and her husband had none. Still to be under the constant yoke of an overpowering woman with unfixed opinions seems to me an unmitigated evil for her and the boys; and no one's feelings need be hurt by her fixing herself near some public school for her sons' education. However, she is settled for this year, and at the end we may decide."

With which words he again applied himself to Ermine's correspondence, and presently completed the letter, offering to direct the envelope, which she refused, as having one already directed by the author. He rather mischievously begged to see it, that he might judge of the character by the writing; but this she resisted.

However, in four days' time there was a very comical twinkle in his eye, as he informed her that the new number of the *Traveler* was in no favor at the Homestead, "there was such a want of original thought in it." Ermine felt her imprudence in having risked the betrayal; but all she did was to look at him with her full, steady eyes, and a little twist in each corner of her mouth, as she said, "Indeed! Then we had better enliven it with the recollections of a military secretary;" and he was both convinced of what he guessed, and also that she did not think it right to tell him. "But," he said, "there is something in that girl, I perceive, Ermine; she does think for herself, and if she were not so dreadfully earnest that she can't smile, she would be the best company of any of the party."

"I am so glad you think so! I shall be delighted if you will really talk to her, and

help her to argue out some of her crudities. Indeed, she is worth it. But I suppose you will hardly stay here long enough to do her any good."

"What, are you going to order me away?"

"I thought your brother wanted you at home."

"It is all very well to talk of an ancestral home; but when it consists of a tall, slim house, with blank walls and pepper-box turrets, set down on a bleak hillside, and every one gone that made it once a happy place, it is not attractive. Moreover, my only use there would be to be kept as a tame heir, the person whose interference would be most resented, and I don't recognize that duty."

"You are a gentleman at large, with no obvious duty," said Ermine, meditatively.

"What, none?" bending his head, and looking earnestly at her.

"Oh, if you come here out of duty"—she said, archly, and with her merry laugh. "There, is not that a nice occasion for picking a quarrel. And seriously," she continued, "perhaps it might be good for you if we did. I am beginning to fear that I ought not to keep you lingering here without purpose or occupation."

"Fulfil my purpose, and I will find occupation."

"Don't say that."

"This once, Ermine. For one year I shall wait in the hope of convincing you. If you do not change your mind in that time, I shall look for another staff appointment, to last till Rose is ready for me."

The gravity of this conclusion made Ermine laugh. "That's what you learned of your chief," she said.

"There would be less difference in age," he said. "Though I own I should like my widow to be less helpless than poor little Lady Temple. So," he added, with the same face of ridiculous earnest, "if you continue to object to me yourself, you will at least rear her with an especial view to her efficiency in that capacity."

And as Rose at that critical moment looked in at the window, eager to be encouraged to come and show Colinette's successful toilet, he drew her to him with the smile that had won her whole heart, and listening to every little bit of honesty about "my work" and "Aunt Ermine's work," he told her that he knew she was a very managing

domestic character, perfectly equal to the charge of both young ladies.

"Aunt Ermine says I must learn to manage, because some day I shall have to take care of papa."

"Yes," with his eyes on Ermine all the while, "learn to be a useful woman. Who knows if we sha'n't all depend on you by and by?"

"Oh, do let me be useful to you!" cried Rose; "I could hem all your handkerchiefs, and make you a kettle-holder."

Ermine had never esteemed him more highly than when he refrained from all but a droll look, and uttered not one word of the sportive courtship that is so peculiarly unwholesome and undesirable with children. Perhaps she thought her colonel more a gentleman than she had done before, if that were possible; and she took an odd, quaint pleasure in the idea of this match, often, when talking to Alison of her views of life and education, putting them in the form of what would become of Rose as Lady Keith; and Colin kept his promise of making no more references to the future. On moving into his lodgings, the hour for his visits was changed, and unless he went out to dinner, he usually came in the evening, thus attracting less notice, and, moreover, rendering it less easy to lapse into the tender subject, as Alison was then at home, and the conversation was necessarily more general.

The afternoons were spent in Lady Temple's service. Instead of the orthodox dowager britcheska and pair, ruled over by a tyrannical coachman, he had provided her with a herd of little animals for harness or saddle, and a young groom, for whom Coombe was answerable. Mrs. Curtis groaned and feared the establishment would look flighty; but for the first time Rachel became the colonel's ally. "The worst despotism practised in England," she said, "is that of coachmen, and it is well that Fanny should be spared. The coachman who lived here when mamma was married answered her request to go a little faster, 'I shall drive my horses as I please,' and I really think the present one is rather worse, in deed, though not in word."

Moreover, Rachel smoothed down a little of Mrs. Curtis's uneasiness at Fanny's change of costume at the end of her first year of widowhood, on the ground that Colonel Keith advised her to ride with her sons, and that

this was incompatible with weeds. "And dear Sir Stephen did so dislike the sight of them," she added, in her simple, innocent way, as if she were still dressing to please him.

"On the whole, mother," said Rachel, "unless there is more heart-break than Fanny professes, there's more coquetry in a pretty young thing wearing a cap that says 'Come pity me' than in going about like other people."

"I only wish she could help looking like a girl of seventeen," sighed Mrs. Curtis. "If that colonel were but married; or the other young man! I'm sure she will fall into some scrape, she does not know how, out of sheer innocence."

"Well, mother, you know I always mean to ride with her, and that will be a protection."

"But, my dear, I am not sure about your riding with these gay officers; you never used to do such things."

"At my age, mother, and to take care of Fanny."

And Mrs. Curtis, in her uncertainty whether to sanction the proceedings and qualify them, or to make a protest,—dreadful to herself, and more dreadful to Fanny,—yielded the point when she found herself not backed up by her energetic daughter, and the cavalcade almost daily set forth from Myrtlewood, and was watched with eyes of the greatest vexation, if not by kind Mrs. Curtis, by poor Mr. Touchett, to whom Lady Temple's change of dress had been a grievous shock. He thought her so lovely, so interesting, at first; and now, though it was sacrilege to believe it of so gentle and pensive a face, was not this a return to the world? What had she to do with these officers? How could her aunt permit it? No doubt it was all the work of his great foe, Miss Rachel.

It was true that Rachel heartily enjoyed these rides. Hitherto she had been only allowed to go out under the escort of her tyrant, the coachman, who kept her in very strict discipline. She had not anticipated anything much more lively with Fanny, her boys, and ponies! but Colonel Keith had impressed on Conrade and Francis that they were their mother's prime protectors, and they regarded her bridle-rein as their post, keeping watch over her as if her safety depended on them, and ready to quarrel with

each other if the roads were too narrow for all three to go abreast. And as soon as the colonel had ascertained that she and they were quite sufficient to themselves, and well guarded by Coombe in the rear, he ceased to regard himself as bound to their company; but he and Rachel extended their rides in search of objects of interest. She liked doing the honors of the county, and achieved expeditions which her coachman had hitherto never permitted to her, in search of ruins, camps, churches, and towers. The colonel had a turn for geology, though a wandering life even with an Indian baggage-train had saved him from incurring her contempt for collectors; but he knew by sight the character of the conformations of rocks, and when they had mounted one of the hills that surrounded Avonmouth, discerned by the outline whether granite, gneiss, limestone, or slate formed the grander height beyond, thus leading to schemes of more distant rides to verify the conjectures, which Rachel accepted with the less argument, because sententious dogmatism was not always possible on the back of a skittish black mare.

There was no concealing from herself that she was more interested by this frivolous military society than by any she had ever previously met. The want of comprehension of her pursuits in her mother's limited range of acquaintance had greatly conduced both to her overweening manner and to her general dissatisfaction with the world, and for the first time she was neither succumbed to, giggled at, avoided, nor put down with a grave, prosy reproof. Certainly Alick Keith, as every one called him, nettled her extremely by his murmured irony; but the acuteness of it was diverting in such a mere lad, and showed that if he could only once be roused, he might be capable of better things. There was an excitement in his unexpected manner of seeing things that was engaging as well as provoking; and Rachel never felt content if he were at Myrtlewood without her seeing him, if only because she began to consider him as more dangerous than his elder namesake, and so assured of his position that he did not take any pains to assert it, or to cultivate Lady Temple's good graces; he was simply at home and perfectly at ease with her.

Colonel Keith's tone was different. He was argumentative where his young cousin was sarcastic. He was reading some of the books

over which Rachel had strained her capacities without finding any one with whom to discuss them, since all her friends regarded them as poisonous; and even Ermine Williams, without being shaken in faith, was so haunted and distressed in her lonely and unvaried life by the echo of these shocks to the faith of others, that absolutely as a medical precaution she abstained from dwelling on them. On the other hand, Colin Keith liked to talk and argue out his impressions, and found in Rachel the only person with whom the subjects could be safely broached, and thus she for the first time heard the subjects fairly handled. Hitherto she had never thought that justice was done to the argument except by a portion of the press, that drew conclusions which terrified while they allured her, whereas she appreciated the candor that weighed each argument, distinguishing principle from prejudice, and religious faith from conventional construction, and in this measurement of minds she felt the strength and acuteness of powers superior to her own. He was not one of the men who prefer unintellectual women. Perhaps clever men, of a profession not necessarily requiring constant brain work, are less inclined to rest the mind with empty chatter than those whose intellect is more on the strain. At any rate, though Colonel Keith was attentive and courteous to every one, and always treated Lady Temple as a prime minister might treat a queen, his tendency to conversation with Rachel was becoming marked, and she became increasingly prone to consult him. The interest of this new intercourse quite took out the sting of disappointment, when again Curatocult came back, "declined with thanks." Nay, before making a third attempt, she hazarded a question on his opinion of female authorship, and much to her gratification, and somewhat to her surprise, heard that he thought it often highly useful and valuable.

"That is great candor. Men generally grudge whatever they think their own privilege."

"Many things can often be felt and expressed by an able woman better than by a man, and there is no reason that the utterance of anything worthy to be said should be denied, provided it is worthy to be said."

"Ah! there comes the hit. I wondered if you would get through without it."

"It was not meant as a hit. Men are as apt

to publish what is not worth saying as women can be, and some women are so conscientious as only to put forth what is of weight and value."

"And you are above wanting to silence them by palaver about unfeminine publicity?"

"There is no need of publicity. Much of the best and most wide-spread writing emanates from the most quiet, unsuspected quarters."

"That is the benefit of an anonymous press."

"Yes. The withholding of the name prevents well-mannered people from treating a woman as an authoress, if she do not proclaim herself one; and the difference is great between being known to write and setting up for an authoress."

"Between fact and pretension. But write or not write, there is an instinctive avoidance of an intellectual woman."

"Not always, for the simple manner that goes with real superiority is generally very attractive. The larger and deeper the mind, the more there would be of the genuine humbleness and gentleness that a shallow nature is incapable of. The very word humility presupposes depth."

"I see what you mean," said Rachel. "Gentleness is not feebleness, nor lowliness. There must be something held back."

"I see it daily," said Colonel Keith; and for a moment he seemed about to add something, but checked himself, and took advantage of an interruption to change the conversation.

"Superior natures lowly and gentle!" said Rachel to herself. "Am I so to him, then, or is he deceiving himself? What is to be done? At my age! Such a contravention of my principles! A soldier, an honorable, a title in prospect, Fanny's major! Intolerable! No, no! My property absorbed in a Scotch earldom, when I want it for so many things! Never. I am sorry for him though. It is hard that a man who can forgive a woman for intellect should be thrown back on poor little Fanny; and it is gratifying—But I am untouched yet, and I will take care of myself. At my age, a woman who loves at all loves with all the gathered force of her nature, and I certainly feel no such passion. No, certainly not; and I am resolved not to

be swept along till I have made up my mind to yield to the force of the torrent. Let us see."

"Grace, my dear," said Mrs. Curtis, in one of her most confidential moments, "is not dear Rachel looking very well? I never saw her dress so well put on."

"Yes, she is looking very handsome," said Grace. "I am glad she has consented to have her hair in that new way; it is very becoming to her."

"I—I don't know that it is all the hair," said the mother, faltering, as if half-ashamed of herself; "but it seemed to me that we need not have been so uneasy about dear Fanny. I think—don't you?—that there may be another attraction. To be sure, it would be at a terrible distance from us; but so good and kind as he is, it would be such a thing for you and Fanny as well"—

Grace gave a great start.

"Yes, my dear," Mrs. Curtis gently prosed on with her speculation, "she would be a dreadful loss to us; but you see, so clever and odd as she is, and with such peculiar ideas, I should be so thankful to see her in the hands of some good, sensible man that would guide her."

"But do you really think it is so, mother?"

"Mind, my dear, it is nothing to build on; but I cannot help being struck, and just thinking to myself. I know you'll not say anything."

Grace felt much distressed after this communication had opened her eyes to certain little touches of softening and consciousness that sat oddly enough on her sister. From the first avowal of Colonel Keith's acquaintance with the Williamses, she had concluded him to be the nameless lover, and had been disappointed that Alison, so far from completing the confidence, had become more reserved than ever, leaving her to wonder whether he were indeed the same, or whether his constancy had survived the change of circumstances. There were no grounds on which to found a caution, yet Grace felt full of discomfort and distrust,—a feeling shared by Alison, who had never forgiven herself for her half confidence, and felt that it would be wiser to tell the rest, but was withheld by knowing that her motive would actuate her sister to a contrary course. That Colin should detach himself from her, love again,

and marry, was what Ermine schooled herself to think fitting; but Alison alternated between indignant jealousy for her sister and the desire to warn Rachel that she might at best win only the reversion of his heart. Ermine was happy and content with his evening visits, and would not take umbrage at the daily rides, nor the reports of the drawing-room warfare, and Alison often wavered between the desire of preparing her and the doubt whether it were not cruel to inflict the present pain of want of confidence. If that were a happy summer to some at Avonmouth, it was a very trying one to those two anxious, yet apparently uninterested, sisters, who were but lookers-on at the game that affected their other selves.

At length, however, came a new feature into the quiet summer life of Avonmouth. Colin looked in on Ermine one morning to announce, with shrugged shoulders, and a face almost making game of himself, that his brother was coming! Lord Keith had been called to London on business, and would extend his journey to come and see what his brother was doing. "This comes of being the youngest of the family," observed Colin, meditatively. "One is never supposed capable of taking care of one's self. With Keith I shall be the gay, extravagant young officer to the end of my days."

"You are not forgiving to your brother," said Ermine.

"You have it in your power to make me so," he said, eagerly.

"Then you would have nothing to forgive," she replied, smiling.

Lady Temple's first thought was a renewal of her ardent wish that Ermine should be at Myrtlewood, and that Mackarel Lane, and the governess-ship should be as much as possible kept out of sight. Even Alison was on her side; not that she was ashamed of either, but she wished that Ermine should see and judge with her own eyes of Colin's conduct, and also eagerly hailed all that showed him still committed to her sister. She was proportionably vexed that he did not think it expedient to harass Ermine with further invitations.

"My brother knows the whole," he said, "and I do not wish to attempt to conceal anything."

"I do not mean to conceal," faltered Fanny, "only I thought it might save a shock—

appearances,—he might think better of it, if”—

“You thought only what was kind,” answered the colonel, “and I thank you for it most warmly; but this matter does not depend on my brother’s consent, and even if it did, Ermine’s own true position is that which is most honorable to her.”

Having said this, he was forced to console Fanny in her shame at her own kind attempt at this gentle little feminine subterfuge. He gratified her, however, by not interfering with her hospitable instincts of doing honor to and entertaining his brother, for whose sake her first approach to a dinner-party was given,—a very small one, but treated by her and her household as a far more natural occurrence than was any sort of entertainment at the Homestead. She even looked surprised, in her quiet way, at Mrs. Curtis’s proffers of assistance in the *et ceteras*, and gratefully answered for Coombe’s doing the right thing, without troubling herself further. Mrs. Curtis was less easy in her mind; her housewifely soul questioned the efficiency of her niece’s establishment, and she was moreover persuaded that Lord Keith must be bent on inspecting his brother’s choice, while even Rachel felt as if the toils of fate were being drawn round her, and let Grace embellish her for the dinner-party in an odd sort of mood, sometimes rejecting her attempts at decoration, sometimes vouchsafing a glance at the glass, chiefly to judge whether her looks were really as repellently practical and intellectual as she had been in the habit of supposing. The wreath of white roses, which she wore for the first time, certainly had a pleasing and softening effect, and she was conscious that she had never looked so well, then was vexed at the solicitude with which her mother looked her over, and fairly blushed with annoyance at the good lady’s evident satisfaction.

But after all, Rachel at her best could not have competed with the grace of the quiet little figure that received them, the rich black silk giving dignity to the slender form, and a sort of compromise between veil and cap sheltering the delicate, fair face; and with a son on each side, Fanny looked so touchingly proud and well supported, and the boys were so exultant and admiring at seeing her thus dressed, that it was a very pretty sight, and struck her first guest, Mr. Touchett, quite

dumb with admiration. Colonel Hammond, the two Keiths, and their young kinsman completed the party. Lord Keith was best described by the said young kinsman’s words, “a long-backed Scotchman.” He was so intensely Scottish that he made his brother look and sound the same, whereas ordinarily neither air nor accent would have shown the colonel’s nation, and there was no definable likeness between them, except, perhaps, the baldness of the forehead; but the remains of Lord Keith’s hair were silvered red, whereas Colin’s thick beard and scanty hair were dark brown, and with a far larger admixture of hoar-frost, though he was the younger by twenty years, and his brother’s appearance gave the impression of a far greater age than fifty-eight; there was the stoop of rheumatism, and a worn, thin look on the face, with its high cheek-bones, narrow lips, and cold eyes, by no means winning. On the other hand, he was the most finished gentleman that Grace and Rachel had ever encountered; he had all the gallant polish of manner that the old Scottish nobility inherited from the French of the old *régime*,—a manner that, though Colin possessed all its essentials, had been in some degree rubbed off in the frankness of his military life, but which the old nobleman retained in its full perfection. Mrs. Curtis admired it extremely as a specimen of the “old school” which she had never ceased to mourn for; and Rachel felt as if it took her breath away by the likeness to Louis XIV.; but, strange to say, Lady Temple acted as if she were quite in her element. It might be that the old man’s courtesy brought back to her something of the tender chivalry of her soldier husband, and that a sort of filial friendliness had become natural to her with an elderly man; for she responded at once, and devoted herself to pleasing and entertaining him. Their civilities were something quite amusing to watch, and in the evening, with a complete perception of his tastes, she got up a rubber for him.

“Can you bear it? You will not like to play?” murmured the colonel to her, as he rung for the cards, recollecting the many evenings of whist with her mother and Sir Stephen.

“Oh, I don’t mind! I like anything like old times, and my aunt does not like playing”—

No, for Mrs. Curtis had grown up in a

family where cards were disapproved, and she felt it a sad fall in Fanny to be playing with all the skill of her long training, and receiving grand compliments from Lord Keith on joint victories over the two colonels. It was a distasteful game to all but the players; for Rachel felt slightly hurt at the colonel's defection, and Mr. Touchett, with somewhat of Mrs. Curtis's feeling that it was a backsliding in Lady Temple, suddenly grew absent in a conversation that he was holding with young Mr. Keith, upon—of all subjects in the world—lending library books, and finally repaired to the piano, where Grace was playing her mother's favorite music, in hopes of distracting her mind from Fanny's enormity; and there he stood, mechanically thanking Miss Curtis, but all the time turning a melancholy eye upon the game. Alick Keith meanwhile sat himself down near Rachel and her mother, close to an open window, for it was so warm that even Mrs. Curtis enjoyed the air; and whether it was that watching the colonel had made Rachel's discourses somewhat less ready than usual, he actually obtained an interval in which to speak! He was going the next day to Bishopsworthy, there to attend his cousin's wedding, and at the end of a fortnight to bring his sister for her visit to Lady Temple. This sister was evidently his great care, and it needed but little leading to make him tell a good deal about her. She had, it seemed, been sent home from the Cape at about ten years old, when the regiment went to India, and her brother, who had been at school, then saw her for a short time before going out to join the regiment.

"Why," said Rachel, recovering her usual manner, "you have not been ten years in the army!"

"I had my commission at sixteen," he answered.

"You are not six-and-twenty!" she exclaimed.

"You are as right as usual," was the reply, with his odd little smile; "at least till the first of August."

"My dear!" said her mother, more alive than Rachel to his amusement at her daughter's knowing his age better than he did himself, but adding, politely, "You are hardly come to the time of life for liking to hear that your looks deceived us."

"Boys are tolerated," he said, with a quick

glance at Rachel; but at that moment something many-legged and tickling flitted into the light, and dashed over her face. Mrs. Curtis was by no means a strong-minded woman in the matter of moths and crane-flies, disliking almost equally their sudden personal attentions and suicidal propensities, and Rachel dutifully started up at once to give chase to the father-long-legs, and put it out of window before it had succeeded in deranging her mother's equanimity either by bouncing into her face, or suspending itself by two or three legs in the wax of the candle. Mr. Keith seconded her efforts; but the insect was both lively and cunning, eluding them with a dexterity wonderful in such an apparently overlimbed creature, until at last it kindly rested for a moment with its wooden peg of a body sloping and most of its threadlike members prone upon a newspaper, where Rachel descended on it with her pocket-handkerchief, and Mr. Keith tried to enclose it with his hands at the same moment. To have crushed the fly would have been melancholy; to have come down on the young soldier's fingers, awkward; but Rachel did what was even more shocking,—her hands did descend on what should have been fingers, but they gave way under her,—she felt only the leather of the glove between her and the newspaper. She jumped and very nearly cried out, looking up with an astonishment and horror only half reassured by his extremely amused smile. "I beg your pardon; I'm so sorry,"—she gasped, confused.

"Inferior animals can dispense with a member more or less," he replied, giving her the other corner of the paper, on which they bore their capture to the window, and shook it till it took wing, with various legs streaming behind it. "That venerable animal is apparently indifferent to having left a third of two legs behind him," and as he spoke, he removed the already half-drawn-off left-hand glove, and let Rachel see for a moment that it had only covered the thumb, forefinger, two joints of the middle, and one of the third; the little finger was gone, and the whole hand much scarred. She was still so much scared that she gasped out the first question she had ever asked him:—

"Where?"—

"Not under the handkerchief," he answered, picking it up as if he thought she wanted convincing. "At Delhi, I imagine."

At that moment, Grace, as an act of general beneficence certainly pleasing to her mother, began to sing. It was a stop to all conversation, for Mrs. Curtis particularly disliked talking during singing, and Rachel had to digest her discoveries at her leisure, as soon as she could collect herself after the unnatural and strangely lasting sensation of the solid giving way. So Grace was right; he was no boy, but really older than Fanny, the companion of her childhood, and who probably would have married her, had not the general come in the way. Here was, no doubt, the real enemy, while they had all been thinking of Colonel Keith. A man only now expecting his company. It would sound more absurd. Yet Rachel was not wont to think how things would sound. And this fresh intense dislike provoked her. Was it the unsuitability of the young widow remarrying? "Surely, surely, it must not be that womanhood in its contemptible side is still so strong that I want to keep all for myself! Shame! And this may be the true life love, suppressed, now able to revive! I have no right to be disgusted; I will watch minutely, and judge if he will be a good guide and father to the boys, though it may save the colonel trouble. Pish, what have I to do with either? Why should I think about them? Yet I must care for Fanny; I must dislike to see her lower herself even in the eyes of the world. Would it really be lowering herself? I cannot tell; I must think it out. I wish that game was over, or that Grace would let one speak."

But songs and whist both lasted till the evening was ended by Lady Temple coming up to the curate with her winnings and her pretty smile, "Please, Mr. Touchett, let this go towards some treat for the school-children. I should not like to give it in any serious way, you know, but just for some little pleasure for them."

If she had done it on purpose, she could not better have freshly riveted his chains. That pensive simplicity, with the smile of heartfelt satisfaction at giving pleasure to anybody, was more and more engaging as her spirits recovered their tone, and the most unsatisfactory consideration which Rachel carried away that evening was that Alexander Keith being really somewhat the senior, if the improvement in Fanny's spirits were really owing to his presence, the objec-

tion on the score of age would not hold. But, thought Rachel, Colonel Keith being her own, what united power they should have over Fanny. Pooh, she had by no means resigned herself to have him, though for Fanny's sake it might be well, and was there not a foolish prejudice in favor of married women, that impeded the usefulness of single ones? However, if the stiff, dry old man approved of her for her fortune's sake, that would be quite reason enough for repugnance.

The stiff old man was the pink of courtesy, and paid his respects in due order to his brother's friends the next day, Colin attending in his old aide-de-camp fashion; indeed, it was curious to see them together. The old peer was not at all ungracious to his brother: indeed, Colin had been agreeably surprised by an amount of warmth and brotherliness that he had never experienced from him before, as if old age had brought a disposition to cling to the remnant of the once inconveniently large family, and make much of the last survivor, formerly an undesirable youngest favorite, looked on with jealous eyes and thwarted and retaliated on for former petting, as soon as the reins of government fell from the hands of the aged father. Now, the elder brother was kind almost to patronizing, though evidently persuaded that Colin was a gay, careless youth, with no harm in him, but needing to be looked after; and as to the Cape, India, and Australia being a larger portion of the world than Gowanbrae, Edinburgh, and London, his lordship would be incredulous to the day of his death.

He paid his formal and gracious visits at Myrtlewood and the Homestead, and then supposed that his brother would wish him to call upon "these unfortunate ladies." Colin certainly would have been vexed if he had openly slighted them; but Alison, whom the brothers overtook on their way into Mackarel Lane, did not think the colonel looked in the most felicitous frame of mind, and thought the most charitable construction might be that he shared her wishes that she could be a few minutes in advance, to secure that neither Rose's sports nor Colinette's toilet were very prominent.

All was right, however; Ermine's taste for the fitness of things had trained Rose into keeping the little parlor never in stiff array, but also never in a state to be ashamed of, and

she herself was sitting in the shade in the garden, whither, after the first introduction, Colin and Rose brought seats; and the call, on the whole, went off extremely well. Ermine never let any one be condescending to her, and conducted the conversation with her usual graceful good breeding, while the colonel, with Rose on his knee, half talked to the child, half listened and watched.

As soon as he had deposited his brother at the hotel, he came back again, and in answer to Ermine's "Well," he demanded, "What she thought of his brother, and if he were what she expected."

"Very much, only older and feebler. And did he communicate his views of Mackarel Lane? I saw him regarding me as a species of mermaid or siren, evidently thinking it a great shame that I have not a burned face. If he had only known about Rose!"

"The worst of it is that he wants me to go home with him, and I am afraid I must do so; for now that he and I are the last in the entail, there is opportunity of making an arrangement about the property for which he is very anxious."

"Well, you know, I have long thought it would be very good for you."

"And when I am there, I shall have to visit every one in the family;" and he looked into her eyes to see if she would let them show concern; but she kept up their brave sparkle as she still said, "You *know* you ought."

"Then you deliver me up to Keith's tender mercies till"—

"Till you have done your duty—and forgiven him."

"Remember, Ermine, I can't spend a winter in Scotland. A cold always makes the ball remind me of its presence in my chest, and I was told that if I spent a winter at home, it must be on the Devonshire coast."

"That ball is sufficient justification for ourselves, I allow," she said, that one little word *our* making up for all that had gone before.

"And meantime you will write to me—about Rose's education."

"To be sure, or what would be the use of growing old?"

Alison felt savage all through this interview. That perfect understanding and the playful fiction about waiting for Rose left him a great deal too free. Ermine might almost be supposed to want to get rid of him, and even when he took leave, she only remained for a few minutes leaning her cheek on her hand, and scarcely indulged in a sigh before asking to be wheeled into the house again, nor would she make any remark, save "It has been too bright a summer to last forever."

It would be very wrong to wish him to stay dangling here. Let what will happen, he is himself."

It sounded far too like a deliberate resignation of him, and persuasion that if he went, he would not return to be all he had been. However, the departure was not immediate, Lord Keith had taken a fancy to the place and scenery, and wished to see all the lions of the neighborhood, so that there were various expeditions in the carriages or on horseback, in which he displayed his grand courtesy to Lady Temple, and Rachel enjoyed the colonel's conversation, and would have enjoyed it still more if she had not been tracing a meaning in every attention that he paid her, and considering whether she was committing herself by receiving it. She was glad he was going away, that she might have time to face the subject, and make up her mind; for she was convinced that the object of his journey was to make himself certain of his prospects. When he said that he should return for the winter, and that he had too much to leave at Avonmouth to stay long away from it, there must be a meaning in his words.

Ermine had one more visit from Lord Keith, and this time he came alone. He was in his most gracious and courteous mood, and sat talking of indifferent things for some time,—of his aunt, Lady Alison, and of Beauchamp in the old time, so that Ermine enjoyed the renewal of old associations and names belonging to a world unlike her present one. Then he came to Colin, his looks and his health, and his own desire to see him quit the army.

Ermine assented to his health being hardly fit for the army, and restrained the rising indignation as she recollected what a difference the best surgical advice might have made ten years ago.

And then Lord Keith said a man could hardly be expected to settle down without marrying. He wished earnestly to see his brother married, but unfortunately, charges on his estate would prevent him from doing anything for him; and, in fact, he did not see any possibility of his—of his marrying, except a person with some means.

"I understand," said Ermine, looking straight before her and her color mounting.

"I was sure that a person of your great good sense would do so," said Lord Keith. "I assure you no one can be more sensible than myself of the extreme forbearance, discretion, and regard for my brother's true welfare that has been shown here."

Ermine bowed. He did not know that the vivid carmine that made her look so handsome was not caused by gratification at his praise, but by the struggle to brook it patiently.

"And now, knowing the influence over him that, most deservedly, you must always

possess, I am induced to hope that, as his sincere friend, you will exert it in favor of the more prudent counsels."

"I have no influence over his judgment," said Ermine a little proudly.

"I mean," said Lord Keith, forced to much closer quarters,—“you will excuse me for speaking thus openly—that in the state of the case, with so much depending on his making a satisfactory choice, I feel convinced, with every regret, that you will feel it to be for his true welfare—as indeed I infer that you have already endeavored to show him—to make a new beginning and to look on the past as past."

There was something in the insinuating tone of this speech, increased as it was by the modulation of his Scottish voice, that irritated his hearer unspeakably, all the more because it was the very thing she had been doing.

"Colonel Keith must judge for himself," she said, with a cold manner but a burning heart.

"I—I understand," said Lord Keith, "that you had most honorably, most consistently, made him aware that—that what once might have been desirable has unhappily become impossible."

"Well," said Ermine.

"And thus," he proceeded, "that the sincere friendship with which you still regard him would prevent any encouragement to continue an attachment, unhappily now hopeless and obstructive to his prospects."

Ermine's eyes flashed at the dictation.

"Lord Keith," she said, "I have never sought your brother's visits nor striven to prolong them; but if he finds pleasure in them after a life of disappointment and trouble, I cannot refuse nor discourage them."

"I am aware," said Lord Keith, rising as if to go, "that I have trespassed long on your time, and made a suggestion only warranted by the generosity with which you have hitherto acted."

"One may be generous of one's own, not of other people's," said Ermine.

He looked at her puzzled, then said, "Perhaps it will be best to speak categorically, Miss Williams. Let it be distinctly understood that my brother Colin, in paying his addresses to you, is necessarily without my sanction or future assistance."

"It might not be necessary, my lord. Good-morning;" and her courteous bow was an absolute dismissal.

But when Alison came home, she found her more depressed than she had allowed herself to be for years, and on asking what was the matter, was answered,—

"Pride and perverseness, Ailie!" then,

in reply to the eager exclamation, "I believe he was justified in all he said. But, Ailie, I have preached to Colin more than I had a right to do about forgiving his brother. I did not know how provoking he can be! I did not think it was still in me to fly out as I did?"

"He had no business to come here interfering and tormenting you," said Alison, hotly.

"I dare say he thought he had! But one could not think of that when it came to threatening me with his giving no help to Colin if— There was no resisting telling him how little we cared!"

"You have not offended him so that he will keep Colin away?"

"The more he tried, the more Colin would come! No, I am not sorry for having offended him. I don't mind *him*; but, Ailie, how little one knows! All the angry and bitter feelings that I thought burned out forever, when I lay waiting for death, are stirred up as hotly, as they were long ago! The old self is here as strong as ever! Ailie, don't tell Colin about this; but to-morrow is a saint's day, and would you see Mr. Touchett, and try to arrange for me to go to the early service. I think then I might better be helped to conquer this."

"But, Ermine, how can you? Eight o'clock, you know."

"Yes, dearest, it will give you a great deal of trouble, but you never mind that, you know; and I am so much stronger than I used to be that you need not fear. Besides, I want help so much! And it is the day Colin goes away!"

Alison obeyed, as she always obeyed, her sister; and Lord Keith, taking his constitutional turn before breakfast on the esplanade, was met by what he so little expected to encounter that he had not time to get out of the way,—a Bath chair, with Alison walking on one side, his brother on the other. He bowed coldly; but Ermine held out her hand, and he was obliged to come near.

"I am glad to have met you!" she said.

"I am glad to see you out so early," he answered, confused.

"This is an exception," she said, smiling and really looking beautiful. "Good-by; I have thought over what passed yesterday, and I believe we are more agreed than perhaps I gave you reason to think."

There was a queenly air of dignified exchange of pardon in her manner of giving her hand and bending her head as she again said "Good-by," and signed to her driver to move on.

Lord Keith could only say "Good-by;" then, looking after her, muttered, "After all that is a remarkable woman."